THE

STEAM-BOAT

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNALS OF THE PARISH; AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;
SIR ANDREW WYLIE; AND THE PROVOST.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD GWYDIR,

&c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

Being deeply indebted to your Lordship's very kind consideration for the curiosity of the people at the Grand Coronation Banquet of His Most Excellent Majesty King

George the Fourth of that name, I think that I cannot do a more proper thing than to place this my book of Voyages and Travels under your benignant influence and auspices, with all humility, and trusting that your Lordship will consider the style and matter through the green glasses of indulgence, without which, I fear the manifold faults are of such a glaring and conspicuous character as may not be easily endured; but so considered and contemplated, the worst of them may, by the help of good nature, be wrought into a ministration for mirth, the which is not far short of a true pleasure, especially when unadulte-

rated with malice, as all the pleasure, I hope, ever will be that may be caused by him who is thus permitted to subscribe himself,

Your Lordship's very humble

and obliged Servant,

THOMAS DUFFLE.

BOYLE'S LAND, SALT MARKET,
GLASGOW, JULY 1, 1822.

the most remarkable of the stories which medicated so veritably towards the gradual restoration of that brisk and circling state of my blood, that has made me, in a manner, as Mrs MacLecket judiciously says, a very satisfactory man.

When I had tried my hand at two or three of the stories, I read them over to Mr Thomas Sweeties, my neighbour, the grocer, and he thought them so vastly entertaining, that, by his encouragement, together with the pleasure Mrs MacLecket seemed to take in the bits she now and then heard, when she could spare time from her householdry to listen, I was led to proceed farther and farther, until I compiled this book; which I hope will reward the courteous reader who may vouchsafe to favour it with an attentive perusal, as much as it did to me in the inditing, and no author can wish his reader a more delectable benefaction. For

I was so taken up, not only with the matter, but the manner of the different narrations, while I brought them back to mind, that I was transported, as it were, out of my own natural body, and put into the minds of the narrators, so as to think with their thoughts and to speak with their words, by which, as Mr Sweeties observed, an instinct for learning has been manifested on my part, such as he had never met with, and is altogether wonderful in a man who has lived in the Salt-market since the eighty-three, in which year I gave up travelling the country with the pack, having at that time two hundred pounds gathered in the Ship Bank, besides a character for sobriety and cannyness among the merchants, which was worth more than double that sum in the way of credit.—Thank God, through all the changes that have happened since, I have kept aye my feet, and can afford to

take my pleasure may be another year, although I should have no occasion for the sake of health, and that without wronging any body. I don't, however, say this of my means as a brag; but only as I am now venturing to come before the public in the book-making line, it may be known that I am not led thereto in the way of bread, but to solace myself; with a reasonable probability, at the same time, of bringing forth something that may contribute to the pastime of other folk of a sedentary habitude. I shall not, therefore, expatiate in this place at any greater length; for having thus heard the origin and occasion of my writing and sending out a book, the reader will naturally now be anxious to know of what it consists;—on which account I will stop my prefatory pen, and open with the substantiality of the matters of which I design to treat.

CHAPTER I.

It was, I think, on the 16th day of June, in the year of our Lord, A.D. 1819, that I embarked at the Broomielaw, on board the Waterloo steam-boat, bound to her head port, the town of Greenock, with an understanding that passengers were to be landed at any place in the course of the voyage, wheresoever their needs and affairs might require. As my adventure was for health and pleasure, I resolved to go with her to all the different places which she might be obligated to visit, and return home with her in the evening, Mrs MacLecket telling me, that there might be a risk, at my time of life, in changing my bed. Embarking then,

as I have said, we got under way at eight o'clock, and shortly after, the passengers that had not breakfasted before they came out in the morning, retired to the steward's room, where they were very comfortably entertained at an easy rate—in so much, that for the ploy of the thing, I wished I had not taken mine with Mrs MacLecket; but I was over persuaded by her of the danger of going upon the water with an empty stomach. However, I had not much cause to repine at this, for while the rest were busy with the eatables, I entered into some discourse with a decent elderly gentleman, concerning foreign parts, and such matters as were material to a man like me, in going upon his first voyage. This stranger I found of a great solidity of mind that was surely past the common: he had seen much of the world, and had read the book of man through and through.

In his appearance there was nothing particular; he stooped a degree forward, and for the most part was disposed to rest his brow upon his staff, and to mind more what others said than to say much himself; but it was plain, from his looks, that this was not owing to any lack of ability or information, as I presently found. For, in mentioning to him the reason of my being in the steam-boat, and talking concerning the profit of travelling, how it opened the faculties, and enlarged the understanding, he made some very pithy and sagacious responses; until from less to more, he told me that in his youth he had visited many famous cities, as well as towns of repute, in foreign lands. One thing led to another, and it would be needless in me to relate all that passed; but in speaking about the barbarous Russians, he said, "I cannot better give you a notion of the strange

mixture of savage passion and refined corruption which are often met with among them, than by a domestic story, which a relation of the parties told me, and which, I doubt not, is in all its most remarkable circumstances substantially true."

THE RUSSIAN.

ONE night, as Prince Tobloski, with his son, was returning from the Taurian palace, where they had been present at a magnificent entertainment, which the late Empress gave to the Court, his carriage was stopped in the street for a short time, by an accident that had befallen a wain loaded with timber. The Prince was a hale and stout old man, and possessed of a singular vigour of character. His usual residence was at Moscow; but desirous of introducing Demetrius, his son, to the Empress, with all the advantages to which his rank and fortune entitled him, he had come to spend some time at Petersburgh. It had been previously agreed between him and Count Pona-

towski, a Polish nobleman, who also resided in the ancient capital, that Demetrius should espouse the daughter of the Count; but this match was not one of those which are made in heaven.

Demetrius was in the prime of youth. It could not be said that he had reached the full maturity of manhood, for he was only nineteen; but he was finely formed, and of a gallant and manly presence. Elizabeth, his destined bride, was younger; and the report of her beauty and accomplishments was such, that it might be said, this elegant couple were formed for each other. They had, however, never met. Elizabeth, having early lost her mother, had been educated at Warsaw, under the care of her grandmother, a French lady of the old school, and a passionate admirer of the New Eloise; but she was expected at Petersburgh while Prince Tobloski was there, and Demetrius, with the anxiety of a young man, it could not entirely be said of a lover, was, at the time I am speaking of, become impatient for her arrival.

While Demetrius and his father were waiting till the impediment was removed which had arrested their carriage, a travelling equipage came furiously along, and, regardless of the cries of the

It happened, in this juncture, that Count Ponatowski called, to mention that he had received letters from his mother, the Countess, and that he expected her with Elizabeth at Petersburgh, in the course of a day or two. Tobloski then mentioned the adventure which he had met with in coming from Court the evening before, and described Elizabeth in such glowing terms, that the Count lightly proposed they should together visit her. This was a mere act of jocularity on the part of the Count, who was, in many respects, a character not only of finer ore, but of richer workmanship than Tobloski, being indeed a gentleman in the true acceptation of the term, who, though constrained by political circumstances then to reside in Russia, had, in his youth, travelled over all the south of Europe, and passed several years both in London and Paris. However, Tobloski assented to his proposal, and a servant was sent to inform Elizabeth that the Prince and Count Ponatowski were coming to honour her with a visit.

Elizabeth, from childhood, had never seen her father. When she was only in her fourth year, he had been obliged to leave Warsaw, and go into

Russia, on account of the jealousy which the Imperial government entertained of his politics; for he was a man of open and firm principles, and one of those noblemen to whom the Poles had turned their views, when they meditated the deliverance of their country. But she was well acquainted with the worth and virtues of his character, from his letters, and still more, perhaps, by the encomiums of those friends who had sympathized with him in his patriotism, and lamented in secret the thraldom of Poland. She was, in consequence, deeply affected when she heard his name pronounced, and could with difficulty be restrained by the exhortations of the Countess, from rushing into his arms. When the Prince and the Count were approaching, the old lady retired on account of her wounded face, and Elizabeth received them with an interesting embarrassment, which rendered her grace and loveliness still more striking than the agitation in which Tobloski had seen her the preceding evening.

The admiration of the Prince being altogether excited by her personal beauty, and having that judicious contempt for the mercantile profession which so well became an ancient Magnate of Mos-

cow, he was not quite so guarded as a gentleman would have been, in the terms which he employed in directing the attention of the Count to the luxuriance of her appearance. But independent of her emotion, which affected the compassion of Ponatowski, there was something in the general cast of her face and figure, that came upon his heart like a burst of light to the captive in the dungeon; and he felt himself moved by an irresistible sympathy, to shield her with his protection. He knew too well the character of Tobloski, not to be aware of the intentions which he meditated, and the danger in which she was placed.

The visit being one of courtesy, lasted only a few minutes; but in retiring, Ponatowski turned back, and, taking Elizabeth kindly by the hand, said, that he pitied her misfortunes, and that, as soon as her aunt was in a condition to leave the Tobloski Palace, he hoped she would inform him where they took up their residence, and he would be happy to assist them in their academical views, being confident, from the little he had seen, that they were well fitted for the business they intended to undertake. Elizabeth grasped her father's hand with affection, delighted with this unexpect-

ed compliment, and almost betrayed herself by the vivid expression of joy which at that moment sparkled in her beautiful countenance.

Tobloski, who saw this short scene, was not satisfied with its effect. He knew the passion which actuated his own bosom, and it would be difficult to say that he judged uncharitably, when he estimated the feeling of the Count by his own. But he was prompt and decisive; he had all that young energy which is characteristic of the rising empire of which he was one of the most eminent nobles; nor were his designs ever weakened by any of those scruples which paralyze the intentions of more refined libertines.

As soon as the Count had quitted the palace, Tobloski sent for Elizabeth, and informed her, that his son Demetrius was on the point of marriage with the daughter of Ponatowski, hourly expected from Warsaw, and that he thought he could not confer a greater compliment on his intended daughter-in-law, than by providing her with an attendant who seemed in so many respects suitable. He therefore proposed to Elizabeth, that she should continue to reside with her aunt at the pa-

lace, and that he would adequately reward their attention and service to the bride.

Elizabeth, pleased and diverted with this proposal, readily acceded to his wishes; and the old lady, on hearing the result, was highly delighted with the progress and success of her stratagem:—the accident, which rendered herself unfit to be seen by male eyes, and by which she avoided being present at the interview with her son, was an occurrence calculated to promote the anticipated *denouement* of what she deemed an amusing comedy.

Among the domestics in the Tobloski palace, was an old German officer of the name of Bruhl, to whose particular care Demetrius had been consigned from the age of five years. He was a grave, erect, and venerable man, full of pure and honourable sentiments, possessed of great insight of character, and of a profound, but somewhat suspicious, knowledge of the world. He loved Demetrius with the affection of a parent, and treated him, even from childhood, with the frankness of a friend, by which he had essentially contributed to render that youthful nobleman one of the most promising ornaments of the empire.

Demetrius, immediately after his interview with Elizabeth, had gone to Bruhl, and confessed to him the extraordinary interest which she had awakened in his bosom. The old man was disturbed by this information, for he knew the latent ardour and ingenuousness of Demetrius's character, and perceived, that while he ran the risk of fixing his affections indissolubly on a lovely creature, by all accounts so personally worthy of them, he would disdain to practise that equivocation which might be requisite to break off the long betrothed match with the daughter of Ponatowski. He therefore at once spoke earnestly to Demetrius on the subject, and advised him, as a man of honour, pledged to bear his affections undivided to his bride, to avoid the company of the stranger. Demetrius promised, and, perhaps, would have adhered to his promise, but for the arrangement which his father had made with Elizabeth. On receiving the information, he went back to Bruhl, and, with considerable animation, entreated his interposition. "If," he exclaimed, "this fascinating girl is to remain in my household, I am undone:—my own happiness is wrecked, with that of the amiable

Elizabeth Ponatowski, who, I am assured, can be in no respect inferior to this fatal stranger."

Bruhl made no reply for some time, but ruminated, evidently perplexed; at last he advised Demetrius to go at once to Koloskchow, under the pretext of superintending the preparations which were making for his marriage, in that villa, which had been recently purchased, for his summer residence,—and to this Demetrius, in the spirit of virtuous resolution, readily agreed; but in retiring from the study of Bruhl, as he descended the stairs, he passed the door which led to the suite of apartments occupied by the strangers. It was open, and he paused, half inclined to enter—perhaps he would have passed on, but in the same moment, the mild and musical voice of Elizabeth, heard within, charmed him from his determination.

He found her seated beside the Countess—the old lady was delighted at this unexpected visit, and made so many coy and prattling apologies for her lugubrious bandages, that Demetrius, independent altogether of the delicious spell of Elizabeth's presence, was induced to enter into a lively conversation with her, which had the effect of thickening the plot, and strengthening the mutual affection,

which, from the first night, had sprung up between the lovers. In this situation, Tobloski himself abruptly entered—he was surprised and disconcerted to find his son so much engaged with the ladies, and said, somewhat more sharply than he intended should be observed—" What will Elizabeth Ponatowski say to this?"—Demetrius at these words blushed, and immediately withdrew from the palace, leaving word with the master of the household, that he was gone to Roloskchow.

The old Countess, without being herself a woman of intrigue, possessed a great deal of that sort of knowledge and discernment, which qualified her to detect the machinations of it in others; and she was not long of perceiving, after the sudden entrance of the old prince, that his object, in requesting Elizabeth to remain in the palace, was not so disinterestedly complimentary to his intended daughter-in-law, as he affected, and she determined, on this account, to reap a little entertainment at his particular expence. Accordingly, she entered into conversation with him, in a strain of gaiety, so very like levity, that the obtuse tact of the sensualist could not discover the difference. Before they had been long together, he was led to

suspect, that the academical project was a mere pretext, and that, in fact, the old lady had brought her beautiful niece to the imperial market.

The coarseness of Tobloski's manners, and the freedom of his conversation with her grandmother, inspired Elizabeth with aversion and disgust. She forgot, in the indignation of the moment, her assumed character; and, with a pride and port becoming the daughter of the noble Ponatowski, she quitted the room. This afforded the ancient coquette and the old sinner an opportunity to speak more at their ease, by which the Countess, with true feminine address, succeeded in receiving from Tobloski a proposal to resign Elizabeth to him, and, in sportive malice, she cunningly promised every assistance to his wishes. Knowing, however, the purity of Elizabeth's mind, she resolved to keep this a secret from her; but in order to gain time for the develo ement of her scheme, and also that her face might be in a condition to be seen by strangers, upon Tobloski quitting her, she wrote a letter to her son, the Count, antedated from Warsaw, informing him, that she would not leave that city so soon as she had originally intended, but that assuredly he might expect to see

her with Elizabeth at Petersburgh on a day fixed, the third from that on which she was then writing. This letter she dispatched to Ponatowski, as if it had been brought by a traveller just arrived.

Meanwhile, Bruhl had reflected on the hazards to which his favourite was exposed, and aware of Tobloski's decision and sensuality, was at no loss to appreciate the motives which had induced him so promptly to engage Elizabeth for the daughter of Ponatowski. He therefore determined, if possible, to save her from his artifices, believing that he had already secured her lover from danger. With this purpose, he lost no time in going to Elizabeth, whom he found alone, the Countess being at the moment in her own room engaged with her letter. His interview was brief, and his conversation abrupt; he merely said, that he had come to caution her that she ought not to remain any longer in the palace, but depart from it without delay, and obtain as speedily as possible some safer asylum.

The sincerity of this venerable man made his advice impressive, although, to Elizabeth, the equivok of her situation might have been supposed calculated to render it amusing. Her feel-

ings, however, had received a shock from the freedom of Tobloski's conversation with her grandmother, and she could not rally her spirits into their wonted playfulness.

The warning of Bruhl sunk upon her with an ominous solemnity, and when the Countess returned into the room, soon after he had withdrawn, she remonstrated with her against continuing any longer their deception. But the romantic and gay old woman was now full of her project, and laughed her into comparative good humour, at the same time agreeing that it was not expedient they should remain any longer in the Tobloski palace. But this was only a part of her plot; and she proposed that they should remove that very evening, in order, as she intended, but without disclosing her motive, that the passion of Tobloski might be exhibited in some ridiculous posture.

In the afternoon they retired to an hotel, of which the Countess took care to apprise the Prince, by writing him a note, thanking him for the hospitality which she had received in his mansion. This produced the desired effect. The same evening the hoary libertine paid them a visit, but his

attentions to Elizabeth were so rude and open that she repulsed them with indignation.—Her grandmother laughed, while by a signal she induced the Prince to withdraw, who, believing he left an effectual minister behind, immediately retired.

Elizabeth was vexed with her grandmother's levity, and the Countess, affecting to be grieved by what had taken place, proposed that next day they should remove to the residence of Ponatowski; Elizabeth was anxious to do so immediately, but her wish was over-ruled.

The Count, on receiving his mother's letter, believing that she would not be in Petersburgh for three days, went to spend the interval with a friend who resided in the country, about three miles from the city. The house of this friend was situated on the skirts of a wood, not far from a hunting-lodge belonging to Tobloski. On the one side, the country was open and bare; but on the other, the forest and several rising grounds that approximated to the character of hills, embraced the spacious moorland, as it might be called, with the arms as it were of a crescent.

The Count's friend resided at the foot of one

of these hills, and the mansion had a rural aspect, but the lodge of Tobloski stood within the wood. It was without any enclosure around it, and the architecture was in a strange sylvan and fantastic style.

On the day after his arrival, as Ponatowski was walking alone towards the lodge, which he had never seen, and which his friend had described to him as a very grotesque edifice, he saw one of Tobloski's carriages drive up to the door, and two females alight and enter.—A sudden impulse, which he could not describe, prompted him to go towards them, but an unaccountable restraint at the same time held him back, and he returned to his friend's, depressed with a dark and melancholy presentiment, that he could neither explain nor shake off. He was disturbed with a persuasion that one of the ladies was the beautiful stranger who had so lately moved his best affections, and he could not allow himself to think that a maiden so fair, so amiable, and so young, could be there a willing victim.

The summer was at this time so far advanced, that the night was reduced into a mere twilight;

but the twilight of the Russian summer is a state of repose far different from that of our more southern latitudes. Here after sunset a variety of cheerful sounds still continue gradually subsiding, until the bell of the village clock, or the bay of the watch-dog, are all that remain; and even these belong to the old dominion of night. But the Russian midnight retains the glowing amber colour of evening, without any of that subsiding cadence of sounds, which with us harmonizes so well, if I may use the expression, with the fading tints of the day-light.

Ponatowski, on retiring to his chamber, could not sleep. His imagination was busy with recollections of the past; and the image of his daughter, whom he had left a lovely and artless child, was mingled with the departed hopes of his young ambition, and the wrongs of his dismembered and injured country.

When he had lain down about two hours, he rose and looked out at the window. It was still so light, that the moon, although in her full round of brightness, and high in her meridian power, looked pale, strewing her ineffectual lustre upon

the woods so feebly, that it only served to shew the deeper shadows cast by the radiance of the morning travelling to her eastern gate, so very little below the northern horizon. An awful silence filled the whole air to a such a degree, that it mav be said to have been palpable. It was as if all living things and airy motions were suspended in the world, and nothing was going on but the mighty spheres of nature, wheeling their silent courses through the depths and abysses of eternity.

Ponatowski felt the sentiment of the moment, and gazing abroad on the solitude with devotional enthusiasm, he heard a cry at a distance, and instantly opened the casement to listen; after a short interval it was repeated, and it resounded through the hollow silence of that peaceful Russian night with a supernatural ring of distress.—He listened again; the cries came from Toblos-ki's lodge; and he was soon, by their repetition, able to discover the voices of females in distress. A pause ensued, and he then heard but one voice. The person was wildly screaming in the open air. He immediately alarmed the house, and, being already dressed, ran out to the assistance of the stranger. On reaching the door, the smell of fire

was perceptible in the air, and a vast column of smoke was rising to the heavens from the lodge of Tobloski.

The Count hastened to the spot, followed by his friend and all the domestics. In their way they found the old Countess insensible on the ground; but without waiting for her recovery, two of the servants were ordered to carry her to the house, and see her properly attended, while the Count hastened forward.

By the time he reached the lodge, the flames were raging from all the windows, and the roof was sinking in beneath a gloomy column of dense smoke and fire which it seemed unable to sustain. Tobloski himself and his servants were out and looking at the burning, which indeed defied all resistance; but there was something in the deportment of the Prince which made the Count shudder:—"This is a sad accident," said Tobloski to him as he came up, "and the more to be deplored, as that beautiful Dutch girl, whom you saw the day before yesterday in my palace, has, I fear, fallen a victim.—The fire was first discovered in her apartment."

"Were you not there at the time?" said Poniatowski sternly.* * *——

——Just at this passage of the gentleman's story the engine of the boat was stopped, and the Captain told him that they were forenent Erskine Ferry, where he was to be landed; by which I was greatly disappointed, being vastly entertained with what he had related, and making no manner of doubt that the rest of the tale would be equally edifying.—But it was not to be expected that he would sail onward with me, and break his engagement with the minister of Old Kilpatrick, where he was going to take his dinner. However, to return to the matter of the Russian tale, upon rehearsing it to Mr Sweeties, he was of opinion that it would make an excellent stage play, if we could have got to the end of it, which made him and me try our hand to devise a consolatory conclusion, but

we found, however, it was not in our power to make any conclusion at all; and, what I have thought very extraordinary, when we endeavoured to write out a sequel, it was not at all in the same fine style of language that the traveller employed, but in a queer perjink kind of a way, that gave neither of us any thing like satisfaction;—wherefore in this, the inditing of my voyages and travels, I have thought it very advisable not to ingraft the endeavours of me and Mr Sweeties to eke out the stories, but just to tell them as I got them, whether told to the end or broken off in the middle.

But what I the most regret in the interruption of the Russian story, is the want of those connect moral reflections which I am sure the narrator would have made, had not the thread of his narration been snapped in twain by the steam-engine stopping to let him go on shore.

After I had wished him a good morning, I sat for some time by myself in meditation on what he had been relating, and when I had considered the transient nature of all temporal hopes and prospects, I went and seated myself beside another passenger, a creditable-looking woman; but as to her and what she told me, I must pause for the present to remark, that the voyage from the Broomielaw to Erskine Ferry is a most pleasant sail in fair weather, and that there is an agreeable diversity of prospects and gentleman's seats on the banks of the river. But of late years the salmon-fishery is not what it was in old times, when vessels sailed from Renfrew to the city of Naples and Genoa in Italia with cargoes of kipper and salted salmon, which was a great trade, before the Newfoundland cod-fish came into vogue, as I have heard said. It is supposed that the fish in the Glasgow

arms was emblematic of the lucrative abundance of that traffic; but however this may be, it is not my intention to meddle with matters of controversy and antiquity, but in an easy methodical way to tell the different things worthy of being placed on record, with which I was diverted and enlivened in my various aqueous undertakings for the benefit of my health, in the manner already preluded in my prefatory intimation.

CHAPTER II.

For some space of time after I took my seat beside the decent woman, mentioned by me in the foregoing pages, we had a blithesome conversation concerning the fine weather and the pleasantry of a steam-boat, as a vehicle for travelling by water. But judge of my surprise, when I found out that my present companion had, like her predecessor, visited many far off parts of the Continent; which I discovered by her speaking of the towns of Ghent, and Bruges, and Brussels, and of the Dutch canals, and the schuyts that sail therein, like the track-boats between Port-Dundas and Lock No. 16. I could not have thought from her appearance that she

had been such a venturesome woman, far less that she was then on her way home from Waterloo to the shire of Ayr, where she was the widow of a farmer, managing the tack of the mailing, "for the behoof," as she said, "of a bastard oye, her own bairns being a' dead, and awa' to their Maker in Heaven."—I say, it was not to be suspected from her looks, that she had been so far a-field, for she was of a sedate countenance, and clad in the plain apparel of a bien west-kintra wife, wearing a red cloak, trimmed with gray and white fur, the cloth of which was of the best sort,—on her head she had a black silk cap, gausey, and none hampered either in the magnitude or the ribbans; and in her hand a bundle, tied in a mourning shawl, that was seemingly some four or five years old in the fashion, but not greatly damaged by tear or wear.

Our discourse from less to more went

on at last into particulars, but without coming to any regular issue till we had reached Dumbarton Castle, at the sight of which my fellow-traveller gave a deep sigh, saying, "It was a strange thing for her, a woman,—but she could not tell how it was, that the sight of soldiers, and other implements of the deadly traffic of war, warmed her heart, even while they made it sorrowful. I have been," said she, "as I was telling you, o'er the sea, by my leevin lane, for nae ither end or purpose but to see the place where the great battle was fought and won. Naebody at hame kens where I have been, nor what took me there; but now I can lay down my head in thankfulness, for the wish of the mother's heart within me has been satisfied." She then, after some other sagacious and sensible observes, went on to tell me all about her history and travels.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

MY gudeman has friens in East Lothian, and upon a notion of visiting them between haytime and har'st, I set out frae hame, about three weeks syne, taking my passage in the steam-boat at Ardrossan for Glasgow, where I staid with my cousin, Mrs Treddles, the manufacturer's wife, and next day went to Port-Dundas, whence I sailed on the canal in the trackboat to Falkirk, with this bundle in my hand.

Being a lanely widow-woman, I was blate amang strangers in the boat; but there was a drummer-laddie, with a Waterloo crown hinging at his bosom, and I made up to him, or rather I should say, he made up to me, for he was a gleg and birky callan, no to be set down by a look or a word. I wasna only a widow woman, but a bairnless mother, which made me kindly to a' ramplor weans; for my ain were laddies, stout and stirring, though only ane of them came to manhood. But it was no because I was a forlorn widow that no ither noticed, nor because I was gladdened with the bold and free spirit of the drummer-laddie that I

gave him a share, no unasked, its true, of the store in my bundle—I had a far deeper reason. For my only son had many a year before gone off with the soldiers, and I could never hear aught concerning him. He was a braw and brave lad, a sightlier was not to be met with in a' Carrick, Coil, or Cunningham; but he was of a wild and roving disposition, and wou'd never settle to the plough. It is his bastard bairn that I am bringing up for the mailing. Many a sore heart he gave me; but there was a winsome way about him, that soon made me forgive and forget his faults. Perhaps in that I was overly lenient; but it was a sin that I hope the Lord, in his mercy, will remember in gentleness; for in the wisdom of his dispensations, he had taken from me all his other gifts—the four elder brothers of my gallant and light-hearted prodigal.

But what mother can remember the errors of her fatherless bairn?—I have forgotten a' those of my roving Willy, for he was no man's enemy, but his own. He gaed to the Ayr races in the year fourteen; and forgathering there with some other free-natured lads like himself, they sat lang singing the sangs of Robin Burns, and dipping

o'er deep in the barley bree. In coming out to gang to their lodgings, they happened to fall in with some of the ne'erdoweel gentlemen that was at the races; whether it was in a house or the crown of the causeway, I never heard the rights o't; but they fell out and fought, and my unlucky bairn, being at the time kindled with drink, and of a natural spirit that wou'dna brook the weight of the king's hand, far less a blow in the face from Sir Patrick Malice; he struck the poor divor with such a dreadful arm, that he made his head dash against the stanes of the causeway. Every body thought Sir Patrick was killed outright. He lay lang senseless, and the fright caused sobriety to a' present. Both sides cried to Willy to flee, for the gentlemen were as convinced of their error as the farming lads. My Willie fled straight to Glasgow, which he reached in the morning. We had credit with our friends the Treddels; there they supplied him with siller, and he went off to London the same day. Pursued by his own conscience, thinking he had committed a murder, and fearing to let any body know where he was, we never had a scrape of a pen from him, till he was on the eve of embarking as a dra-

goon soldier at Portsmouth for Flanders. Nor would he have written then, but he happened to see as it were a ghost,—Sir Patrick alive and weel, in the Isle of Wight, where he was for the benefit of mild air, having run out his health and fortune.

This was the last and only letter I had ever from him, for he was slain in the great day of Waterloo, and, as one of his comrades wrote to me, died, not leaving a braver heart, or a better man, in the British army.—It was a strange thing; but instead of sorrow, this letter made my heart triumph; and from that day, though the king may boast the victory, and the duke of the fame, there's no a breast in a' the three kingdoms that thinks of Waterloo with more pride than mine. I put on mournings, it's true, but they were to me as garments of praise,—and I thanked the Lord for the manner in which he had rewarded me for the cares and anxieties of being a mother.

This was the chief cause of my discoursing with the drummer-laddie, who I saw had been at Waterloo; and from him I learnt it was neither so far off, nor in a Pagan lan', that the battle was fought, as I fancied. He said I had only to take the smack at Leith for London, and then

the coach there for Dover, and I would be in no time at Brussels, where every body could shew me the road to the field of battle.

After getting into the coach, at Lock No. 16, for Edinburgh, I thought of what the laddie had said, and I felt it would be a satisfaction to my heart to visit the grave of my brave Willy. As I had come provided with siller to buy some articles on my return at Glasgow, I was in want of nothing for the journey, so instead of going to our cousins in East Lothian, I went directly to Leith, and embarked in a smack, that was to sail the next morning for London. We had a pleasant voyage, and the captain, who was a most discreet man, saw me safe in a coach for Dover. I did not tell him where I was going, but on my coming back, when I said where I had been, he thought it for me a wonderful undertaking, I having no guide nor knowledge of the language. But I followed the drummer-laddie's direction, for after passing the sea in the packet at Dover, I just pointed to the folk that came round me, and said Waterloo, which they all understood. A grand English gentleman came up to me on the shore, as I was standing inquiring my way, and he

told me, that I ought to have had a passport; but when I said that I was the mother of a Scotch Grey, going to see my son's grave at Waterloo, he was wonderful affected, and said, that neither money nor interest would be wanting to help me on. I told him, however, that I stood in no need of money; and that it was an old saying, that a woman with a Scotch tongue in her head, was fit to gang over the world. It was surprising the attention he paid me; for being obligated, on account of coming without a pass ticket, to go before a magistrate, he went there with me, and told the magistrate in French all about me, and where I was going, by which he got the magistrate, not only to give me a pass, but likewise he gave me himself a letter to a friend of his own, a high man that was living about the Court at Brussels. Thus did I experience, that it was only necessary for me to say I was going to Waterloo, in order to be well treated.

By the advice of the English gentleman, I went with some French ladies in a coach to a canal, where we embarked in a schuyt, as they called the trackboat; and, after stopping and changing at various places, and ancient grand towns, which,

however, I did not look much at, we came to the city of Brussels, where one of the ladies kept a bookselling shop, who very civilly invited me to stay at her house, and would take nothing for the trouble, saying only, for she could speak no English,—"Waterloo"—meaning, as I thought, that she was paid already by what the bravery of my Willy had helped to do there.

On the next day, she went with me herself to the house of the English gentleman's friend, who was likewise from London, with his lady seated among a nest of bonny bairns, with fair curly heads, that were far more beautiful than clusters of pearl. They read the letter, and treated me as if I was a warld's wonder, saying they would take me in their coach to Waterloo. But I told them I would not put them to that trouble, for my thought was to go alone; but it was a proud thing for me, that gentry in their station of life could be so civil, because I had a son lying at Waterloo. They insisted, however, that I should take a refreshment of wine, and wait until they could procure a proper person to go with me to the place.

That day I staid at Brussels, and they sent one of their servant lasses, a French maiden that

could speak some English, round the town with me, and she described to me the panic that she was in at the time of the battle, and how the waggons, horses, and cannon, and wounded soldiers, filled the streets. It was indeed such a thing to hear of, that the like is not to be met with in any book out of the Bible.

The English family got a man to go with me, who had been a Highland soldier, from Moidiart, in Lochaber. He lost an arm at Waterloo, and afterwards married a Dutchwoman that keeps a tobacconist's shop in the market, forenent the Town-house, and was settled with his pension at Brussels. Him and me set out on our feet soon in the morning, and as we were walking along, he told me many particulars, but he said overly mickle anent the Highlanders, as if he would have given to them all the glory of the day, although it is well known the Scotch Greys were in the front and foremost with the victory. Except in this, Corporal Macdonald was a sensible man, and shewed me both far and near where the fray was bloodiest, and where the Duke fought, and Bonaparte began to run away. But the last place he took me to was a field of strong wheat. "There," said he,

"it was that the Scotch Greys suffered most. Their brave blood has fattened the sod, that the corn springs here so greenly."—I looked around with the tear in my e'e, but I could see no hillock to mark where the buried lay, and my heart filled fu', and I sat down on the ground and Macdonald beside me, and he said nothing, but continued for a time silent, till I had poured out my sorrow.

As we were sitting, communing with the dead and gone, he happened to notice a bit of a soldier's coat, and, pulling it out of the yird, drew with it an old rusty gully knife. "This," said Macdonald, as he lifted it, "has belonged to some brave fellow." But think what I felt, when, in that same identical knife, I beheld a proof and testimony that my poor Willy could no be far from the spot where we then were. It was a knife that his father bought, and I knew it by the letters of his name, burnt out upon the horn of the heft. I seized upon it in the hands of the corporal, as if it had been a precious relic of a great price, and I have it now in my bundle. But I would weary you to sleep, were I to recount only the half of what I saw and felt on the field of battle at Waterloo.

It was far in the afternoon, indeed gloaming,

before we returned to Brussels, and the English family had sent three times to inquire if I had come back. I was fatigued and my heart was heavy, so I did not go to them that night, but took a dish of tea with Mrs Macdonald, the corporal's Dutch wife, who was a remarkable civil woman; but having no knowledge of one another's tongue, we could hold but small discourse. At night I went back to the house of Madam Buckenbacht, the bookselling lady that had been so discreet to me, and there found the servant lass that gaed round the town with me, to interpret between us. By her I heard, that the day following, a French millender lady of her acquaintance, was going to London to buy goons; and meaning to take Mechlin in her way, it would be a fine opportunity for me to go with her, which I was glad to hear of—so Madam Vaurien and me came off by break of day, in a schuyt on the canal; but, although she could speak but little English, and me no French, I soon saw that she was a pawkie carlin, the true end and intent of her journey being to take over a cargo of laces to the London market. For after dark, in the public-house at Mechlin, where we sleeped that night, she per-

suaded me to sew to my sark tail, and other canny places, mony an ell of fine Flanders lace; and it was well for her I did so, for when we got to the English coast at Harwich, by which round-about gate she brought me, the custom-house officers, like so many ravens, turned Madam Vaurien, with all her bags and bundles, as it were inside out, calling her an old stager; in the doing of which they seized upon all she had, but having no jealousy of me, I escaped untouched, and brought safe to hand in London all the lace about me. At first, Madam Vaurien made a dreadful cry, and when the men were handling her, declared she was a ruined woman, but when she got me and herself safe out of the coach, and into her lodgings in London, she said that she did not care for what had been taken, the same being of no value, compair'd with what was about me.

I was not overly content with Madam Vaurien for this, nor did I think, upon consideration, that either Madam Buckenbacht was so disinterested in her kindness, when I came to understand that the two madams were gude-sisters. But I had been at Waterloo, I had sat near the grave of my gallant Willie, and I had brought with me a to-

ken more precious than fine gold—and all other things were as nothing.

On the next day Madam Vaurien, who was well acquaint with the ways of London, got a person to go with me to Wapping, and I saw, in passing, many a farlie and fine thing, such as St Paul's and the Tower, till we came to the Smack's place on the river, where I found the bark I had come in ready to sail that very night. As I carried my bundle aye in my hand, I had nothing to make ready for the voyage, so I steppit on board, and, in four days after, was set on shore at the pier of Leith, and now I am so far in my way back to my own dwelling.

We were at this pendicle of the narration, when the steam-boat came opposite to the old Castle of Newark, by which a break was made in the soldier's mother's story; but it was of no consequence, for, as she said, her tale properly began and ended with Leith, where she had taken shipping, and was restored in safety to her native land. We had, therefore, lei-

sure, as we sailed along, to observe the beauties of Port-Glasgow, which is a town of some note in the shipping trade, but more famous on account of its crooked steeple, with a painted bell, the like, as I was told, not being in all the west of Scotland. However, in this matter, as Mr Sweeties argued with me, I had a plain proof of the advantages of travelling, and of the exaggerations in which travellers sometimes deal, for, upon a very careful inspection of the steeple, I could see neither crook nor flaw in it; and, as for the bell, I can speak on the veracity of my own ears, that be it painted, or be it gilded, it is a very fine sounding bell, as good every bit as the one in the Brig-gate steeple of our own city, than which no better bell need be. At the same time, it behoves me to observe, that I do not undertake to avouch, that the steeple of Port-Glasgow has not got any thraw, for

considering, as was pointed out to me by a jocose gentleman from Greenock, who was also a passenger, that both the town-house and steeple are erected on forced ground, it was very probable it might have declined from the perpendicular, and that the story of its twist may, therefore, have arisen from the probability or likelihood of the accident taking place. I have heard, however, since, that the Greenock gentlemen are not altogether to be trusted in the repetition of any story derogatory to the exploits and ornaments of Port-Glasgow, for that, from an ancient date, there has been feud and hostility between the two towns, insomuch, that " the Port" has been apprehensive of a design on the part of Greenock to stop the navigation of the river, and utterly to effect their ruin, by undoing their harbour, which is one of the best and safest in the Clyde, a *caput mortuum* of empti-

ness, as much as it often is in the spring of the year, when the vessels that trade therein are all out seeking employ in foreign countries. Indeed, I have myself some reason to think, that the aforesaid Greenockian was not altogether without a spice of malice in his remarks, for he made me observe how very few of the Port-Glasgow lums were reeking, which, he said, was a proof of the inhospitable character of the inhabitants, shewing, that neither roast nor boil was preparing in the houses, beyond what was requisite for the frugal wants of the inmates. But although there was truth over all controversy in the observe, Mr Sweeties has told me, that, on some occasions, he has seen not only plenty, but both punch and kindness in houses in Port-Glasgow, highly creditable to the owners; and, I think, there must be surely some foundation for the notion, although I cannot

speak from my own personal experience, for the soldier's mother having a friend from Ayrshire in the town, left us there, and, by her absence, obligated me to look out for another companion, to entertain me in the remainder of the voyage. But this was not a matter of such facility as might be thought, for the major number of the passengers being for Greenock, they were all taken up with counting by their watches how long time they would be of reaching the Custom-house stairs, and telling one another of the funny deeds and sayings of some of their townsfolk, who, by all accounts, are the cleverest people in the whole world, and not only the cleverest, but the drollest, having a capacity by common, and a manner, when they are inclined for sport, that is most surprising. I shall, however, have something more to say about them by and by; meanwhile, let it be enough for

the present, that, in the whole course of the voyage from Port-Glasgow to Greenock, I got no satisfaction. They turned their backs to my inquiries, as if I had been nobody, little reflecting that the time would come, (as may now be seen here), when I would depict them in their true colours, and teach them that there is truth in the proverb, which says,—"It's not the cloak that makes the friar;" for I perceived they thought me but an auld-fashioned man, little knowing that there was the means in my shop of getting as fashionable a coat as the sprucest of the saucy sparks had on, to say nothing of the lining I could put in the pouches.

When we came to the town of Greenock, I was much surprised to see it a place of great extent and traffic, of which I had no notion; more especially was I struck with wonder at the Custom-house, that is a most stately erection, bearing a

similitude to our jail; and I was grieved that I had paid my passage to Helensburgh, because it prevented me from viewing the vast of shipping and curiosities of this emporium; but as I have, through life, resigned myself at all times, and on all occasions, to the will, as it were, of the things I could not control, I submitted, for the present, to the disappointment, resolving, at some future period, to make a voyage from the Broomielaw, on purpose to take a survey of Greenock, and to note at leisure, as it behoves a traveller to do, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, together with the religious ceremonies and antiquities of the place. Accordingly, having pacified my mind in this manner, I staid in the steam-boat with the passengers that were bound for Helensburgh, until the Greenockians, with their bag and baggage, were put on the shore, which took place at the stairs

forenent the Custom-house. And here let me pause and make a remark for the benefit of persons intending to see foreign parts, to the effect, that they should both read and inquire anent the places they purpose to see, before they depart, by which they will be enabled to regulate their course in a more satisfactory manner, than if they go away on such light hearsays, as I did in my first voyage.

CHAPTER III.

After landing, as I have noticed, our cargo of Greenockians, the steam was again set to work, and the vessel, with all that orderliness and activity which belongs to the enginery, moved round, and, turning her latter end to Greenock, walked over the waters straight to Helensburgh. This is not a long voyage naturally, being no more than four miles, if so much, but it is not without dangers; and we had a lively taste and type of the perils of shipwreck in crossing the bank, a great shoal that lies midway in the sea. For it happened that we were later for the tide than the Captain had thought; so that, when we were in what the jack-tars

call the mid-channel, the gallant Waterloo, that had come all the way from Glasgow like a swan before the wind, stuck fast in the mud. Never shall I forget the dunt that dirled on my heart when she stopped, and the engines would go no farther. Fortunately, as I was told, this came to pass just at the turn of the tide, or otherwise, there is no saying what the consequences might have been; it being certain, that if the accident had happened an hour before, we should have been obligated to wait more than two hours, instead of half an hour; and if, in the course of that time, a tempest had arisen, it is morally certain, the vessel lying high and dry, that the waves would have beaten over her, and, in all human probability, dashed her to pieces, by which every soul on board would to a certainty have perished; for we were so far from land, both on the Greenock and the Helensburgh coast,

that no help by boat or tackle could have been afforded. It was a dreadful situation, indeed, that we were in; and when I reflected on the fickleness of the winds, and the treachery of the seas, my anxieties found but a small comfort in the calm that was then in the air, and the glassy face of the sunny waters around us. However, I kept up my spirits, and waited for the flowing of the tide with as much composure as could reasonably be called for, from a man who had never been a venture at sea before, but had spent his days in a shop in the Saltmarket, as quietly as an hour-glass ebbing its sands in a corner.

While we were in this state, I fell into discourse with a sailor lad, who had come home from Jamaica in the West Indies, and was going over from Greenock to see his friends, who lived at the Rue, on the Gairloch side; and falling into discourse, we naturally conversed about what might

be the consequence of our lying on the bank, and if the vessel should chance to spring a leak, and such other concerns as, from less to more, led us on to talk of ships sinking in the great ocean, or taking fire thousands of miles from any land, and all those other storms and perils among which the lot of the mariner is cast. And I was expressing to him my amazement, that ever any man who had been cast away, could afterwards think of going again to sea. "Ah," said he, "for all that, the sailor's life is a heartsome life—If we risk limb and life, we are spared from the sneaking anxieties that make other men so shame-faced. Besides, sir, there is a pleasure in our dangers, and common suffering opens the generosity of the heart, so that, when we have little wherewith to help one another, we make up for it in kindness." I could not but wonder how this sailor lad had learnt to speak in this

style of language, and he satisfied me by telling me that his father had been a dominie, and that he had received a good education, to qualify him, please God, to take the command of a vessel. I then spoke to him very particularly about what he might have seen and met with in the course of his seafaring life, and so led him on to relate, as follows, an account of a hurricane, by which the ship that he was in was lost, and every soul on board, save himself, a dog, and a black fellow, perished.

THE HURRICANE.

WE were going up, (said he,) from Trinidad to St Kitts, in as fine weather as ever was seen in the heavens, and we expected to make a brisk passage; but, in the third night after our departure, about the middle of the second watch, the wind fell on a sudden dead calm—I was on

deck at the time—every one was surprised—for it had been blowing a steady breeze till that moment. It had, however, been noticed the night before, that the cat was freaking about, and climbing the rigging with a storm in her tail,—a sign which is never known to fail.

Towards morning, the air in the West Indies becomes lighter and fresher; but in that night, we observed, it grew close and sultry, and about sun-rise the heat was very heavy—Yet the sky was clear, not a speck of cloud to be seen,—the sea, however, was discoloured, as at the mouth of a river. An old man-of-wars-man whom we had on board, one Thomas Buoy, who had been in the Ramilies when the Ville de Paris went down, was very uneasy at these signs, and said they reminded him of the weather before that hurricane.

All day the dead calm and the oppressive heat continued, but still over-head the heavens were bright. About noon, however, just as we had taken an observation, Thomas bade me notice a sort of smoky haze spreading round the horizon. "I don't like that," said he; nor did I either, although I had no reason on my part. At sunset, this vapour had thickened in the west into two or

three strips of black cloud—some of the men thought they betokened rain and thunder. "And wind too," said Thomas Buoy, as he walked the deck thoughtfully. However, the night set in as beautiful as ever. Every star in the firmament was out, beaming like the lamp in the binnacle, but, for all that, the dead calm and the sultry air lay heavy on the spirits of all on board, and the ship was a log on the water.

About half a glass before midnight, the man at the helm saw a fire-ball at the mainmast head, and in a short time another on the foremast. When the watch was changed, there was one at each mast-head. Some of the sailors had seen such lights before, without harm following, but nobody liked them.

During the watch the men were not so cheerful as usual, as I heard in the morning, and Thomas Buoy kept himself aloof, and was frequently heard to say, "God help us !" The mate had that night come suddenly on deck, terrified out of his sleep by a dream, in which he thought he saw a large black Newfoundland dog come down into the captain's state-room, and run off with him in his teeth— But the day-light came round, and the weather,

for a time was finer than ever; a breeze sprang up, and the ship went at a brave rate, but Thomas Buoy remarked that the skies were streaked with flakes of goatshair, and said the wind was not yet come. At noon, he pointed out to the captain a small round black cloud in the north-west, which he solemnly said was the eye of a hurricane. Every other vapour changed its shape and hue but that cloud—It was fixed; and, as Thomas said, looked at us with vengeance. Towards the evening it began to alter, and gradually to spread, until the whole heaven, from the south-west to the north, was filled with the dark and rolling omens of a thunder-storm and tempest. The wind frequently veered from one point to another, and every now and then came out with a sudden puff, as if the devil had been fetching his breath. We prepared for the worst—took in sail, and struck the topgallant masts. About an hour after sunset, it began to lighten fiercely along the horizon, but we heard no thunder.

This confirmed the fears of Thomas Buoy. "It is now gathering," said he; "these flashes are Beelzebub's rockets, thrown up as signals for ac-

tion." Surely the old man felt the hand of fate upon him, for all his apprehensions were confirmed.

The wind, as the night darkened, came on gusty and rougher—now it blew a steady breeze from the north, but in a moment there was a pause, and then a squall came roaring from the west, as if all the trade-winds that were blowing from the east since the last hurricane, had been furiously driven back. Still the hand of mercy struggled with the tempest; and it was not till midnight that it came flapping forth with all its wings, in the dreadful license of full liberty.

As we were all snug aloft, the captain, who was a steady seaman,—poor fellow, a better never trode on oak,—ordered the watch to be kept as usual, that, in case of accidents, the men might come fresh to their duty, but few of us turned in. The mate sat with Thomas, listening to what he had suffered on board the Ramilies, and hearing the howls of the hurricane above. While he was in one of the wildest passages of his old stories, a sheet of lightning struck the mizen, and the whole party declared, that in the same moment they saw something in the likeness of a large black Newfoundland dog, such as the mate had seen in his

dream, run past them, as it were from the hold, and escape upon deck. The mizen topmast was rent into splinters, and the captain was so wounded in the head by one of the pieces, that I assisted to carry him to his cot.

We were now driving along at the mercy of the wind, which was blowing so strong, sweeping round the compass like a whirlpool, that the ocean was flying all spindrift. In this state we continued three hours, till, in a sudden checking round of a squall, a sea broke on board, which carried away the boats, the binnacle, two men at the helm, and every thing on deck that was not a part of the ship. She was almost upset by the shock; and we found, when we expected that she would have righted from the lurch, the cargo had shifted, by which the rudder was rendered useless—and still the hurricane was increasing.

The day light began at last to dawn, but the air was so thick, that we could not see across the deck; and, but that we knew from the force of the wind, that the vessel must be going, and that too at a great rate, no one on board could say she was in motion.

About two hours after sunrise, we saw, on the

larboard side, something vast and dark, through the spindrift; at first we took it for a line-of-battle ship lying to, but in a moment Thomas Buoy clapped his hands in despair, and cried, "The land! the land!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the ship struck with such force, that all her masts were started. The cry was then, "Cut away!" but in an instant she struck again, and the masts were thrown overboard. The third shock did her business;—she gave, as it were, a deep groan, and, hogging up in midships, yawned asunder by the main hatchway, her stern sinking into the water with the poor captain in his cot, and all the brave fellows who were at the moment at the mizen chains, cutting away the rigging.

I happened at the time to be on the forecastle; and, looking a-head, saw that the bowsprit reached to the rocks. I called on all to follow me; and, running out at once, got safe to the cliff; but in the same moment, the wreck lurched over, and filling, went down with all the crew, except a black fellow, whom the captain had brought as steward from Trinidad, and a little dog that he was taking as a present to a lady at St Thomas's.—How the

dog escaped I cannot tell, for he was on the land before me; but the black fellow was like a sea-gull, and saved himself by swimming.

It seemed to me, that at the very time when we reached the shore, the gale slackened; for the air soon after became lighter, and I saw we were not far from a sugar plantation, all the mills and houses belonging to which were scattered like shingles and splinters.

Just as the sailor had got to this crisis of his story, the steam-boat began to move, and in the course of a minute or two she was paddling her way towards Helensburgh; and her motion made every body again so jocose and lively, that I could not but marvel at the depths of the mysteries of the heart of man. As we drew near to the shore, the sailor had forgotten all the earnest solemnity of his tale, and was the blithest in the boat. Fain would I have questioned him about the particulars of what ensued when he

found himself in the plantation, but he was no longer in a humour to attend to me, his heart being taken up with the thought of getting to his friends,—just like a young dog that has broken loose from a confinement; so that I was left in a kind of an unsatisfied state, with the image of the broken ship in my mind, with her riven planks and timbers, grinning like the jaws of death amidst the raging waters; the which haunted me till I got a chack of dinner at the hotel, and a comfortable tumbler of excellent old double-rum toddy. But I should mention, that till the dinner was gotten ready, I had a pleasant walk along the shore, as far as the Cairn dhue, and saw on the right hand, among its verdant plantations, the lordly Castle of Ardincaple, and on the left, ayont the loch, the modern Mansion which the Duke of Argyle is building there among the groves of Rose-

neath; with which, it's my opinion, no situation in this country-side can compare, for hill and dale, and wood and water, and other comely and romantic incidents of Highland mountains, all rocky and fantastical, like a painted picture by some famous o'er-sea limner.

CHAPTER IV.

When I had ate my dinner and drank my toddy at the pleasant Hotel of Helensburgh, in which there are both hot and cold baths for invalid persons, and others afflicted with the rheumatics, and such like incomes, I went out again to take another walk, for I had plenty of time on my hands, as the steam-boat was not to sail for Glasgow till six o'clock. At first, it was my intent to take a survey of the country and agriculture, and to see what promise there was on the ground of a harvest; but in sauntering along the road towards the Hill of Ardmore, I foregathered with Mr and Mrs M'Waft, and four of their childer. They

had been for some time at Helensburgh, for the salt water, the gudeman having been troubled with some inward complaint that sat upon his spirits, and turned all to sour that he ate or drank.

Nobody could be more glad to see an old acquaintance than they were to see me, and Mrs M'Waft was just in a perplexity to think that I could ever have ventured to leave my shop so long, and come such a voyage by myself; but I told her that I had been constrained by the want of health, and that maybe before the summer was done she might see me again, for that I had got a vast of entertainment, and was, moreover, appetised to such a degree, that I had made a better dinner that day, and with a relish, than I had done for years past; which she was very happy to hear, hoping the like in time would be the lot of her gudeman, who was still in a declining way,

though he took the salt water inwardly every morning, and the warm bath outwardly every other day. Thus, as we were standing in the road, holding a free-and-easy talking about our ails and concerns, and the childer were diverting themselves pu'ing the gowans and chasing the bees and butterflies, Mr M'Waft said that I could do no less than go back with them and take a glass of wine, and insisting kindly thereon, I found myself obligated to do so; accordingly, I turned with them, and went into the house where they had their salt-water quarters.

It was one of the thackit houses near the burn—a very sweet place, to be sure, of its kind; but I could not help wondering to hear how Mr M'Waft ever expected to grow better in it, which, compared with his own bein house on the second flat of Paterson's lan', was both damp and vastly inconvenient. The floor of the

best room was clay, and to cover the naked walls they had brought carpets from home, which they hung round them like curtains, behind which carpets, all sorts of foul clothes, shoes, and things to be kept out of sight, I could observe were huddled.

Meanwhile, Mrs M'Waft had got out the wine and the glasses, and a loaf of bread, that was blue moulded, from the damp of the house; and I said to her, "that surely the cause which had such an effect on the bread, must be of some consequence to the body." "But the sea and country air," replied Mr M'Waft, "makes up for more than all such sort of inconveniences." So we drank our wine and conversed on divers subjects, rehearsing, in the way of a sketch, the stories related in my foregoing pages, which both the mistress and gudeman declared were as full of the extraordi-

naries as any thing they had ever heard of.

Mr M'Waft, when in his good health, as all his acquaintance well know, has a wonderful facetious talent at a story, and he was so much lightened with my narrations, that after taking two glasses of the red port, he began to tell an adventure he once met with in going to London, on some matter of his muslin business, when one of the great cotton speculators, in the 1809, fell to the pigs and whistles.

THE WEARYFUL WOMAN.

It happened, said he, that there were in the smack many passengers, and among others a talkative gentlewoman of no great capacity, sadly troubled with a weakness of parts about her intellectuals. She was indeed a real weak woman; I think I never met with her like for weakness—

just as weak as water. Oh but she was a weak creature as ever the hand of the Lord put the breath of life in, and from morning to night, even between the bockings of the sea-sickness, she was aye speaking; nay, for that matter, it's a God's truth, that at the dead hour of midnight, when I happened to be wakened by a noise on the decks, I heard her speaking to herself for want of other companions; and yet for all that, she was vastly entertaining, and in her day had seen many a thing that was curious, so that it was no wonder she spoke a great deal, having seen so much; but she had no command of her judgment, so that her mind was always going round and round, and pointing to nothing, like a weathercock in a squally day.

"Mrs M'Adam," quoth I to her one day, "I am greatly surprised at your ability in the way of speaking." But I was well afflicted for the hypocritical compliment, for she then fastened upon me, and whether it was at meal-time or on the deck, she would come and sit beside me, and talk as if she was trying how many words her tongue could utter without a single grain of sense. I was for a time as civil to her as I could be, but the

more civility I shewed, the more she talked, and the weather being calm, the vessel made but little way. Such a prospect in a long voyage as I had before me !

Seeing that my civility had produced such a vexatious effect, I endeavoured to shun the woman, but she singled me out, and even when I pretended to be overwhelmed with the sickness, she would sit beside me, and never cease from talking. If I went below to my bed, she would come down and sit in the cabin, and tell a thousand stories about remedies for the sea-sickness ; for her husband had been a doctor, and had a great repute for skill. " He was a worthy man," quoth she, " and had a world of practice, so that he was seldom at home, and I was obligated to sit by myself for hours in the day, without a living creature to speak to, and obliged to make the iron tongs my companions, by which silence and solitude I fell into low spirits. In the end, however, I broke out of them, and from that day to this, I have enjoyed what the doctor called a cheerful fecundity of words ; but when he, in the winter following, was laid up with the gout, he fashed at my spirits, and worked himself into such a state of irritation

against my endeavours to entertain him, that the gout took his head, and he went out of the world like a pluff of powther, leaving me a very disconsolate widow; in which condition, it is not every woman who can demean herself with the discretion that I have done. Thanks be, and praise, however, I have not been tempted beyond my strength; for when Mr Pawkie, the seceder minister, came shortly after the interment, to catch me with the tear in my e'e, I saw through his exhortations, and I told him upon the spot that he might refrain; for it was my intent to spend the remainder of my days in sorrow and lamentation for my dear deceased husband. Don't you think, sir, it was a very proper rebuke to the first putting forth of his cloven foot? But I had soon occasion to fear that I might stand in need of a male protector; for what could I, a simple woman, do with the doctor's bottles and pots, pills, and other dozes, to say nothing of his brazen pestle and mortar, which of itself was a thing of value, and might be coined, as I was told, into a firlot of farthings; not, however, that farthings are now much in circulation, the pennies and new baubees have quite supplanted them, greatly, as I think, to the advan-

tage of the poor folk, who now get the one or the other, where, in former days, they would have been thankful for a farthing; and yet, for all that, there is a visible increase in the number of beggars—a thing which I cannot understand—and far less thankfulness on their part than of old, when alms were given with a scantier hand; but this, no doubt, comes of the spreading wickedness of the times. Don't you think so, sir? It's a mystery that I cannot fathom, for there was never a more evident passion for church-building than at present; but I doubt there is great truth in the old saying, 'The nearer the kirk, the farther from grace,' which was well examplified in the case of Provost Pedigree of our town, a decent man in his externals, and he keepit a hardware shop; he was indeed a merchant of 'a' things,' from a needle and a thimble down to a rake and a spade. Poor man! he ran at last a ram-race, and was taken before the Session; but I had always a jealousy of him, for he used to say very comical things to me in the doctor's life-time, not that I gave him any encouragement farther than in the way of an innocent joke, for he was a jocose and jocular man, but he never got the better of that exploit with the

Session, and dwining away, died the year following of a decay, a disease for which my dear deceased husband used to say no satisfactory remedy exists in nature, except gentle laxatives, before it has taken root. But although I have been the wife of a doctor, and spent the best part of my life in the smell of drugs, I cannot say that I approve of them, except in a case of necessity, where, to be sure, they must be taken, if we intend the doctor's skill to take effect on us; but many a word he and my dear deceased husband had about my taking of his pills, after my long affliction with the hypochondriacal affection, for I could never swallow them, but always gave them a check between the teeth, and their taste was so odious, that I could not help spitting them out. It is indeed a great pity that the Faculty cannot make their nostrums more palatable; and I used to tell the doctor, when he was making up doses for his patients, that I wondered how he could expect sick folk, unable to swallow savoury food, would ever take his nauseous medicines, which he never could abide to hear, for he had great confidence in many of his prescriptions, especially a bolus of flour of brimstone and treacle for the cold, one of the few

of his compounds I could ever take with any pleasure."

In this way, said Mr M'Waft, did that endless woman ram her words into my ear, till I began to fear that something like a gout would also take my head. At last I fell on a device, and, lying in bed, began to snore with great vehemence, as if I had been sound asleep, by which for a time, I got rid of her; and being afraid to go on deck lest she should attack me again, I continued in bed, and soon after fell asleep in earnest. How long I had slept I know not, but when I awoke, there was she chattering to the steward, whom she instantly left the moment she saw my eye open, and was at me again. Never was there such a plague invented as that woman; she absolutely worked me into a state of despair, and I fled from her presence as from a serpent; but she would pursue me up and down, back and fore, till every body aboard was like to die with laughing at us, and all the time she was as serious and polite as any gentlewoman could well be.

When we got to London, I was terrified she would fasten herself on me there, and therefore, the moment we reached the wharf, I leapt on

shore, and ran as fast as I could for shelter to a public house, till the steward had dispatched her in a hackney. Then I breathed at liberty—never was I so sensible of the blessing before, and I made all my acquaintance laugh very heartily at the story. But my trouble was not ended. Two nights after, I went to see a tragedy, and was seated in an excellent place, when I heard her tongue going among a number of ladies and gentlemen that were coming in. I was seized with a horror, and would have fled, but a friend that was with me held me fast; in that same moment she recognised me, and before I could draw my breath, she was at my side, and her tongue rattling in my lug. This was more than I could withstand, so I got up and left the playhouse. Shortly after, I was invited to dinner, and among other guests, in came that afflicting woman, for she was a friend of the family. Oh Lord! such an afternoon I suffered—but the worst was yet to happen.

I went to St James's to see the drawing-room on the birth-day, and among the crowd I fell in with her again, when, to make the matter complete, I found she had been separated from her friends. I am sure they had left her to shift for

herself. She took hold of my arm as an old acquaintance, and humanity would not allow me to cast her off; but although I staid till the end of the ceremonies, I saw nothing; I only heard the continual murmur of her words like the sound of a running river.

When I got home to my lodging, I was just like a demented man; my head was bizzing like a beescap, and I could hear of nothing but the bir of that wearyful woman's tongue. It was terrible; and I took so ill that night, and felt such a loss o' appetite and lack of spirit the next day, that I was advised by a friend to take advice; and accordingly, in the London fashion, I went to a doctor's door to do so; but just as I put up my hand to the knocker, there within was the wearyful woman in the passage, talking away to the servant-man. The moment I saw her I was seized with a terror, and ran off like one that has been bitten by a wud dog, at the sight and sound of running water. It is indeed not to be described what I suffered from that woman; and I met her so often, that I began to think she had been ordained to torment me; and the dread of her in consequence so worked upon me, that I grew frightened to leave my

lodgings, and I walked the streets only from necessity, and then I was as a man hunted by an evil spirit.

But the worst of all was to come. I went out to dine with a friend that lives at a town they call Richmond, some six or eight miles from London, and there being a pleasant company, and me no in any terror of the wearyful woman, I sat wi' them as easy as you please, till the stage coach was ready to take me back to London. When the stage coach came to the door, it was empty, and I got in; it was a wet night, and the wind blew strong, but, tozy wi' what I had gotten, I laid mysel up in a corner, and soon fell fast asleep. I know not how long I had slumbered, but I was awakened by the coach stopping, and presently I heard the din of a tongue coming towards the coach. It was the wearyful woman; and before I had time to come to mysel, the door was opened, and she was in, chatting away at my side, the coach driving off.

As it was dark, I resolved to say nothing, but to sleep on, and never heed her. But we hadna travelled half a mile, when a gentleman's carriage going by with lamps, one of them gleamed on my

face, and the wearyful woman, with a great shout of gladness, discovered her victim.

For a time, I verily thought that my soul would have leapt out at the crown of my head like a vapour; and when we got to a turn of the road where was a public house, I cried to the coachman for Heaven's sake to let me out, and out I jumped. But O waes me! That deevil thought I was taken ill, and as I was a stranger, the moment I was out and in the house, out came she likewise, and came talking into the kitchen, into which I had ran, perspiring with vexation.

At the sight, I ran back to the door, determined to prefer the wet and wind on the outside of the coach to the clatter within. But the coach was off, and far beyond call. I could have had the heart, I verily believe, to have quenched the breath of life in that wearyful woman; for when she found the coach was off without us, her alarm was a perfect phrenzy, and she fastened on me worse than ever—I thought my heart would have broken.

By and by came another coach, and we got into it. Fortunately two young London lads, clerks or sic like, were within. They endured her tongue for a time, but at last they whispered each other,

and one of them giving me a nodge or sign, taught me to expect they would try to silence her. Accordingly the other broke suddenly out into an immoderate daft-like laugh that was really awful. The mistress paused for a minute, wondering what it could be at; anon, however, her tongue got under way, and off she went; presently again the younker gave another gaffaw, still more dreadful than the first. His companion, seeing the effect it produced on Madam, said, "Don't be apprehensive, he has only been for some time in a sort of deranged state; he is quite harmless, I can assure you." This had the desired effect, and from that moment till I got her safe off in a hackney coach from where the stage stoppit, there was nae word out of her head; she was as quiet as pussy, and cowered in to me in terrification o' the madman breaking out. I thought it a soople trick o' the Londoners. In short, said Mr M'Waft, though my adventures with the wearyful woman is a story now to laugh at, it was in its time nothing short of a calamity.

By the telling of his adventure, which he acted to the life, Mrs M'Waft said, she

had seen a better symptom in his health than had before kithed; we therefore all agreed, that there was a wholesome jocundity of spirit to be earned by seeing the world, although at the same time there might be both peril and hardship endured.

Having been thus solaced by the wine and adventures of Mr M'Waft, I rose to take my leave, the steam-boat, with her pinnet of smoke, being in sight. The mistress would have me to stay and take an early cup of tea, but I was afraid that I might lose my passage; so I bade them farewell,—and going down to the shore, reached the pier in time to get into the jolly-boat with the first cargo of passengers.

The voyage from Helensburgh to Greenock afforded us no sort of adventures; the passengers were Glasgow folk, on the retour, and, of course, their talk was all

anent themselves and their neighbours, and no the best entertainment to a stranger,—which I think must be owing to their great neglect of edifying communion :—But this is an observe that I have made on the intellectual state of my fellow-citizens since I began, in my voyages and travels, to mess and mell more with the generality of mankind.

Our passage to the Custom-house quay of Greenock consumed about twenty minutes,—a space of time that in no reason could be expected to bring forth any thing by the common, unless the vessel had sprung a leak, or the boiler been blown into the air, or any other peril of navigation had befallen us,—from all of which we were happily spared.

At Greenock we taiglet a lucky hour, in which I tyn't my patience, for the man in the ship was aye saying they would be off in a minute; but minute after minute

trintled by, till the whole hour had rolled entirely away. Had I known or foreseen that this was to chance, I would have employed myself in visiting some of the curiosities of the town. It was, however, a new thing to be in the number of "honest travellers by sea and land," and that, I suppose, was the cause which made me, while we lay at the Customhouse quay of Greenock, not altogether so well satisfied as I might otherwise have been

At long and length, the man having trumpetted his last call, the vessel began to bestir herself, and paddled away towards Port-Glasgow. In this passage, which took up a full quarter of an hour, we encountered nothing particular; but we had received an augmentation of passengers, some of whom were folk belonging to "the Port," seemingly creditable well-doing bodies, but of an auld-fashion-

ed cut, and, I jealouse, no excessive customers to the cloth-merchant. I say not this, however, out of ony hankering of mind because I happen to be in that line myself, but altogether as a natural observe for a traveller to make upon them.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING landed the Port-Glasgow bodies, I inspected my fellow-passengers with an inquisitive eye, in order to discover who among them was likely to prove the most instructive companion; and after a careful perusal of their externals, I made choice of a young man, with a fair complexion, coarse hempen hair, a round face, and eyes of a light blue colour; and I soon learnt by his tongue, which was a broken English, that he was of a foreign stock. But not to summer and winter on this fact, I may just at once say that he was a Norsman from Norway, who had been at Greenock, to open a correspondence about deals, and hemp, and

iron, and the other commodities that abound, as he informed me, in all the countries circumjacent to the Baltic sea, from the Neva of Petersburgh, and from Riga, where the balsam comes from, so good for cutted fingers and inward bruises.

At first we held a loose kind of preliminary interlocutory concerning the views on the Clyde around us, the which he declared were of a surpassing beauty; and really it is not in the power of nature to do more for any landscape than she did on that pleasant evening. The heavens were hung, as it were, with curtains of visible glory; the hills were glowing like opal and amethyst; and the sea, that we were sailing, was as a lake of molten gold, shewing within its bosom another heaven and another earth; between and which, the steam-boat was bearing us along like a mighty bird, through the tranquillity of the mid-air. "I have seen

nothing like this," said the Norsman, "since I was at Spitzbergen;" and then proceeded to relate to me the following story of his adventures in that desert island,—all which I have set down, word for word, as he spoke the same to me:—

SPITZBERGEN.

Two year gone past I had much time and nothing to do, and having an affection for the strange things of nature, I volunteered in my own mind to go for pleasures of the chase to Spitzbergen. For this purpose I did hire a small ship, vit two mast, at Gottenburgh, and sailed vit her round to the North Cape. It was the first week in June then, and we had such fine weather, that the sea was all as one great field of smooth oil.—It was as calm as ice.

At the North Cape I went on shore to the land, where there is plenty of birds to shoot, and when I was gone up the hill vit my gon, the tide went away and left my ship on a great stone, by

which her bottom was much wounded, and the water came in. The sailors, however, when I had come back, did not tell me of this adversity, but permitted me to sail for Spitzbergen vit a hole in the bottom, which was very bad of tem; for if they had not done so, I would have gone to the Pole. By the living heavens, sir, I would have gone to the Pole—there was nothing to stop me; for I saw from one high hill in Spitzbergen, when we were arrived there, all the sea clear to the Nort. O, so beautiful it was!—there vas no more to stop me from going to the Pole, than there is now, if I had the wings, from flying up to yonder cloud, which is like one balcony for the little angels to look down upon us in the steam-boat moving on the glass of this silent water.

Very well; we went away vit the tide, and we came to one part of Spitzbergen, where we saw the great rocks of the coal. There is the coal for all the world, when you can find no more in this country; and there is likewise the trunks of trees which come in the corrents of the ocean, and are piled up in the bays by the porterage, that is by what you call the lifting up of the waves.—My

Got! what values of woods be there, all broken in the bays of Spitzbergen!

Very well; we sailed alongside the coast, and there we came to one estuary, opening into the bowels of the land, and I made the sailors to navigate into the same, and went in and in, more than seventy-five mile, and were not arrived at the sack-end. It may cut the country to the other side, for I do not know that it does not—there is no corrent when you have passed by one little strait—the purse-mouth of the place; and therefore I do think myself it does not cut the country to the other side, but is one firth like this wherein we are now taking our pleasures.

Very well; we came back to anchor in that estuary, under a rock, all covered vit the lichen plant; it was as if the stones vere beginning to grow into the civilization of a soil, and to yield the food for the sheep and the cows that go about the farms, making the fields so riant and merry vit life. But no sheep nor cows ruminate in Spitzbergen, only grand troops of rein-deer—and such thousands of the eider ducks! no man can reckon what thousands be there of eider ducks; and then upon the shore in the bays, there be likewise such

number of the morse, vit their red eyes, tam brutes—how they did roll their red eyes at me, when I one day came into a creek where they were on the shore, hundreds of them all together! I fired my gun, and they rushed into the deep water—my Got! how the tam brutes, vit their red eyes, did splash in the water! They were like three thousand paddles of the steam-boat, all going at one time from the same momentum. It would be one rich thing to go to those bays in Spitzbergen, where the morse sleeps, tam brutes, and close them in on all sides softly, vitout disturbing them in their composure. I have formed the fine speculation for going there some one day, vit a contrivance that I have made the idea of in my brain, by which I vill kill, in one season, tree thousand morse, ay more than tree thousand morse, tam brutes—how I would have the satisfaction in killing tem all!

But though there be much game for the pleasures at Spitzbergen, it is one serious, one grave place. I do not mean a church-yard; but, as you would say, a country so empty of living noises, that it is only fit for death, and not for life to be. There was no night while I was there; but the

time to be awake, and the time to be asleep, was marked out by nature in one dreadful manner: more thrice dreadful it did seem to me than is the dark night, vit the thunder in the cloud, and the fire spouting from a black sky. The sun went round about the hills, as if in quest of a place to set, and found none—then he did rise up again, when he was low down, almost at the bottom of the hill. That was the point of concordance vid midnight, when the solemnity of the air was palpable to mine ear. One time when I had fallen asleep on the rocks, I happened to awake at that time—I was then alone—solitary—all by myself—in a dumb valley, where there was no stream for the cider duck, nor any little thing that makes the sound on the earth. It was a strange silence to feel in the sunshine—O, it was a cold silence, and it made me to cower into myself, as if one dead man had come out of his niche in the clay, and put his hand of earth upon my bosom. But when it is the time to be awake, then there is a noise and charm in the air—birds fly—the cider ducks come in clouds—the rein-deer jump vit the gladness of renewed strength, and the morse on the shore—tam brutes—open their red eyes.

Very well; I must now tell you of mine adventure, and what made me to say that this beautiful evening on the Clyde is like the lovely stillness that I saw in Spitzbergen.

I went vit my gun to shoot the rein-deer and the eider duck, and I was alone, and nobody vit me upon the silent hills; and I went up to the top, the crown of the head of one high mountain, which rose like a pyramid over many other steeple hills; and from that place I saw the ocean all clear—not an iceberg in the horizon—all was open towards the pole. By the living heavens! had the pole been one mast, I could have seen it myself that day; the air was so like nothing between me and where it is.

Very well; while I was sitting there by myself, like the last man of the world, all other men being dead, and no motion stirring, and sound become dumb as death, I turned mine eyes to one little creek below, and there I discovered a ship at anchor. I had the rejoicing palpitations in mine heart when I saw that vessel; and, leaving my meditations on the top of the mountain, I went down towards her; but, as I came nearer and nearer, a strange fear came upon me, and I could

not think what the ship could be doing there. She had a wild appearance—few of her ropes were fastened—they hung dangling like men that are put into chains for justice; and her sails were loose and full of holes, like the old scutcheons in the tombs of the Dukes of Housenstadt in Hungaria.

But I made my heart big, and went on till I could see that the ship had been anchored there a long time—many years—all was so weather-worn about her. Her seams gaped like hunger, and her cordage was like the old trees that are furred with the lichen plant. As I was standing there, looking at her, and thinking where all her seamen had gone, I saw eleven little mounds on the shore, and at the head of each there was a cross, set up for a sign to shew they were the tomb-beds of Christian peoples. I was made cold by seeing this, and, looking round, I discovered in the lea of a hollow rock, one small hut, almost in ruin. The foxes of the mountain had made a hole through the roof. I went to it, and, forcing open the door, entered it. It was more dreadful than a sepulchre; for there lay the bones of a dead man. His head had been pulled off by the tam

foxes, and lay some distance from what had been his body. There was at his side four, five, seven muskets loaded; a pitcher vit rye meal in it, and and another pitcher vit some water. While I was looking at this spectrum, there came some one behind me and laid his hand on my shoulder——

Here the Norseman's tale was broken by the engine stopping. We had reached, while he was thus conversing, Bowling Bay, where it behoved him, on affairs of business, to leave the steam-boat, he having an expectation of a vessel coming through the Canal from Grangemouth, with iron and deals from the Baltic. Fain would I have heard the rest of his story, but no persuasion of mine could make him come on to Glasgow, so I was obligated to submit to the disappointment with as resigned a temper as I could exercise; and I could not but on this occasion liken travelling in a steam-boat to the life of temporal man, where our joys

are cut off in the fruition, and adversity comes upon us like a cloud, or a frost that nips the bud in the blowing. So I sat in this frame of mind, pondering on the uncertain pleasures of this life, and looking with an eye of compassion on the stately houses and plantations that our principal merchants and manufacturers have built on high and pleasant places, thicker and thicker, till they are lost in the smoke and confusion of our Tarshish; for verily, from all that I can read, hear, and understand, the city of Glasgow is waxen like Tyre of old, where traders are like princes.

Between nine and ten o'clock, I found myself safe and sound once more in the comfortable house of Mrs M'Lecket, in the Saltmarket, having been absent near to fifteen hours, in the compass of which I had travelled by sea full eight-and-forty miles; and so well pleased was I with what I had seen and learnt, that I told

the mistress it was my design to make another voyage, the which she highly approved, and said there was a visible sunburnt alteration in my look, that shewed how well travelling agreed with my constitution. We had then a bit of supper in our wonted familiarity together, and in due season retired to our respective rests.

CHAPTER VI.

When I had residented at home the space of four weeks, having much solacing of mind in reflecting on the adventures of my first voyage, I began to feel an onset to a new motion working within me, which every day gathered stength, and in the end came to a head, in my going forth a second time from the obscurities of the Salt-market, and the manufacturing smokes and smells of Glasgow, to enjoy the hilarity of the sparkling waters of the summer sea, and the blitheness of the hills and of all living things, in the seasonable brightness and gladness which was then shining from the heavens and glittering upon the earth.

I thought I had now acquired an experience in voyaging for pleasure, by what I noticed in my first ploy of that kind, so I told Mrs M'Leckit that I would go by the very earliest steam-boat in the morning, and as the Britannia was to sail at six o'clock, she need not rise to boil the kettle, for it was my intent to enjoy myself by taking my breakfast in the steward's room with the other passengers; indeed, I was chiefly egged on to do this by my neighbour Mr Sweeties, who, upon my exhortation, had, soon after my return, taken his diversion by a voyage to Greenock likewise, and partaken of a most comfortable meal in that way. But the progeny of the schemes of man are not in his own hands; and though I had got a degree of insight as to the manner of setting about an embarkation, I found that I had really gone out with

too much confidence in the strength of my own knowledge.

It was such an early hour, that the steward, not counting on any body wanting to breakfast till they would reach Greenock, had made no provision of provender; so that when I went to him, as cagy as a pyet picking at a worm, to inquire when the eggs would be boiled, judge of my mortification to hear that there was to be no breakfasting that morning; which disappointment, with the natural vapours of the river's tide, caused me to remember the judicious observe of Mrs M'Leckit, that there was a danger in going on the water with an empty stomach. However, I had put some gingebread nuts in my pocket, and by the use of them the wind was keepit off my heart, and I suffered less from the effect than might have been expected.

But though this in its kind was an ad-

versity that I had not foreseen, I sustained another, which, in my opinion, in its season was far greater. The major part of the passengers had not been accustomed to rise so soon in the morning, and some of them had been up late ayont the night—in short, we were all oorie, and scant in our intercourse towards one another, so that for the greater portion of the way there was little communion practicable among us, and what was, could not be said to have that cordiality with which I was in the fain expectation of meeting. We had sailed indeed as far as Blithes-wood's new house before any kind of an awakened sociality began to sprout, and I was beginning to fear that an undertaking so unsatisfactory at the outset would afford but small pleasure in the progress, and be found wanting in the end. However, at that point things took a turn to the better; and I fell into conversation with a Yanky man from Ame-

rica, that had been at Glasgow laying in goods for his store in the city of Philadelphia. He was surely a man of great wisdom and experience in the world, according to his own account; and from what he said of the United States, they can be little short of the kingdom of heaven, except in the matter of religion, of which I could discern, taking him for a swatch, the Americans have but a scanty sprinkling, and that no of the soundest grace. Indeed, anent this I had heard something before; but the Yanky was a testificator by his discourse to the veracity of the information.

Our conversation was for a time of that jointless and purposeless kind, that is commonly at the beginning of an acquaintance; but it took a more settled course as we proceeded onward, and at last ran into a regular stream, like a river that has its fountain-head up among the moors

and mosses. What chiefly occasioned this sedate currency of the Yanky's words, was an observe of mine regarding the beauty of the prospects that the hand of Nature was setting before us at every turn of the navigation—all which the American man slighted as a commodity in its kind of no value, saying, that the views in his country were of a more excellent quality, being on a greater scale; and he laughed outright when I directed his attention to the Mare's Tail, that bonny waterfall near Finlayston House, which I should have mentioned in my first voyage, had I then noticed it. This drew on to some account of things that he had seen; and then he told me, that he was well known throughout "all the States" by the name of Deucalion of Kentucky—a title which was bestowed upon him in consequence of being the sole survivor of a town that was washed away by

a deluge. His description of this calamity it behoves me to give as nearly as possible in his own words; indeed, as I have already said, I find myself possessed of a felicitous fecundity in writing down the recollections of what I heard, but my pen is afflicted with a costive impediment when I try to eke out or enlarge upon the same. And it is this peculiar gift that emboldens me, along with the strenuous counselling of that discerning man, Mr Sweeties, to send forth my voyages and travels in this manner to the republic of letters,—the only sort of republic that I entertain any pure respect for, notwithstanding the laudatory descant of the Yanky man's on that of "the States."

DEUCALION OF KENTUCKY.

My grandfather was one of the first settlers of Kentucky. He was, by profession, a miller, and built a flour-mill at a village in that state. It was

called Thyatira, after one of the ancient towns mentioned in the Bible; and he and his neighbours, the founders, expected it would become a great city, but not a vestige of it, neither of the church nor mill, now remains—yet I remember it all well. It was a handsome place, situated at the bottom of a range of hills, wooded to the top—a fine stream washed their feet, and the mill stood at the side of a pretty waterfall.

My grandfather left his property in a flourishing condition to my father, who was an enterprizing character. He took an active part in the war for the independence, and when the peace was adjusted, he returned to Thyatira, where he enlarged the old flour-mill, and constructed another for sawing the timber, with which the neighbouring mountains were covered. Every body predicted that my father would soon be one of the richest men in the state, and his prospects were certainly undeniable.

I think it is not possible that I shall ever see again a place half so beautiful as the unfortunate Thyatira, and the valley which it overlooked. The valley was green, the stream was clear, and the woods, that clothed the mountains, were of the

loftiest kind, and the richest leaf! All is now desolate. Sometimes of a night, as I came across the Atlantic, I thought the bell of the little wooden church, that stood on the slope above the village, rung in my ear, and I heard the dogs, as it were, bark again, and the cocks crow; but the ship would give a lurch and turn my eyes outwards upon the ocean waters all around me, as lone and wild as the deluge that destroyed my native valley.

In the summer, before the dreadful yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia—I was in that city at the time when the fever raged, which makes me remember it so well,—my father was much troubled by the failure of the stream which supplied his mill. The drought dried it up, and his wheels stood still for want of water. Some of the old neighbours had visited the source of the river in their youth. It was a lake far up among the mountains; and my father, being a bold and enterprizing character, thought, if he could enlarge the opening at the banks of the lake, where the stream issued, he would obtain an abundance of water.

The scheme was feasible, and he engaged a

number of men to go with him to the lake for that purpose. I was then a youth, fond of any adventure, and I accompanied the heroes of the pick-axe and shovel. We had a cheerful journey through the woods; we startled showers of beautiful humming-birds; they were like apple-blossoms scattered in the winds; we slept at night in the woods, and we crossed several ancient Indian war-tracks, which we knew by their inscriptions on the rocks; we saw also in the forests artificial mounds, on which trees of the oldest growth were growing. They were the works of inhabitants before the present race,—perhaps they were antediluvian. Sometimes I think America is the old world that was destroyed. But be that as it may, it contains many remains of an antiquity that philosophy has not yet explained. The warfare belts of the Indians are hieroglyphical chronicles. The Egyptians wrote in that language. Did they teach the Indians?—Not, however, to dwell on such abstruse matters, I shall just say, that we reached on the second day the lake which supplied the stream. It was about some ten miles long, and five broad—a bowl in the midst of several hills. It was overlooked by the woods and mountains;

but towards our valley, a vast embankment gave it the form of a dam, over the middle of which the stream of Thyatira flowed.

It was the evening when we reached the top of the embankment, we took some refreshment, and my father proposed that we should rest ourselves for that night;—the whole business partook of the nature of a hunting excursion;—our end was labour, but we sweetened the means with pleasure. Accordingly, after our repast, the party severally betook themselves to the sports in which they most delighted. I retired to a rock that overlooked the lake, and seated myself to view the landscape, that in the lone magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, was spread around me. The spirit of the place held communion with mine, and I was seized with an awful foreboding. Tranquillity floated like a corpse on the water; silence sat in the dumbness of death on the mountains; the woods seemed, as the light faded, to take the form of hearse-plumes; and as I looked down towards my native village, I thought of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the day of judgment. What curious sense of the mind, keener than the eye, and

quicker than the ear, gave me in that evening the foretaste of what was to happen?

The rest of the party slept well, but I durst not close my eyes. The moment I did so, the ever restless faculty of my spirit discovered the omens of what was to ensue, and frightened me awake. It is amazing how such things happen;—for my part, I think the mind never sleeps, and that our dreams are but the metaphorical medium of its reflections, when the five physical senses are shut up. Dreams, I would say, are but the metaphors in which reason thinks. But the mysteries of the kingdom of the soul are more dark and profound than those of all the other kingdoms of nature; and I cannot expound them.

At daybreak my father called us cheerily to work. I know not by what impulse I was actuated. I had been educated by a strange man—a deep classical scholar, who had settled at Thyatira. He had been brought up at Oxford, and he ascribed living powers to all organized existences. The woods were to him endowed with spirits, the streams had intelligence, and the rocks the memory of witnesses bearing testimony. These fancies

came thick upon me, and I went to my father, and laid my hand on his arm. "Forbear, father," said I; "there may be something unhallowed in disturbing the ancient channel of these holy waters." My father laughed and again struck his pick-axe into the mound. It was a fatal stroke, for as he pulled out the weapon, the ground gave, as it were, a shudder, and presently after a groan was heard, as if the whole mound of earth was breaking up.

My father, by the last stroke of his pick-axe, had cleft asunder an incrustation of sand, that formed, as it were, the bowl of the lake. The water rushed through and widened the seam with great violence. The mound, which dammed up the lake, had been formed by a gradual accumulation of fallen timber. The water through the rent insinuated itself among the mass; the mud and sand between the gathered trunks were washed away, and the mass lost its adhesion. In the course of a few minutes, Heaven knows by what strange aptitude, the stupendous mound began to move. It became convulsed; it roared with the throes of tearing asunder; the waters of the lake boiled up from the bottom; I ran from the spot; my father and

his friends stood aghast and terrified; birds rose screaming from the woods below; I called to my father, and to all, for God's sake to follow me; I looked towards the lake—it seemed to me as if its calm level surface was taking the shape of sloping glass; I caught hold of the branch of a tree which grew on the rock where I had contemplated the scene the preceding evening; I felt as it were the globe of the world sliding from under my feet; I exerted myself; I reached the rock; every thing was reeling around me; I saw the hills and woods moving away. I shut my eyes in terror, and, covering my face with my hands, stretched myself on the rock, as if I lay at the feet of the angel of destruction. I heard a sound louder than thunder, and my senses were for a time stunned. What in the meantime happened I know not; but when I had fortitude enough to look around, I found myself on the ledge of an awful precipice—a black and oozy valley, herbless as a grave, where the lake had been; and for the mound where I had left my father and his labourers, a horrible chasm—Devastation, horsed on the roaring deluge, was seen raging down the valley towards Thyatira. The sound lessened as I looked,

and a silence succeeded, such as the raven of Noah found upon the earth, when she went forth, banquetting on the abolished races of the old world.

The Yanky man was much affected as he related this desolation ; and in telling it, his voice had a fearful haste, that hurried on my fancy, till I was almost a partaker in the grief and consternation that possessed his memory ; insomuch, that I was thankful when the vessel reached the quay of Port-Glasgow, where I went on shore to take my breakfast at an inn, being resolved to leave her there, and to travel by myself on to Greenock, which is situated about three miles to the westward. This determination, as it proved, was most judicious on my part ; for I found a comfortable house, and great civility in the attendance, facing the shipping in the harbour, with excellent warm rolls, piping hot from the baker's, and

fresh herring that would have been a treat at any time. Judge then, courteous reader, what they were to me, appeteesed as I was by a voyage of nearly twenty miles without breaking my fast! Truly scandalous is the by-word that says, "There's nothing good in Port-Glasgow."

When, with the help of the dainties at the inns, I had pacified the craving of nature within me, I walked out to inspect the curiosities of the place, and to make my remarks on the inhabitants. I cannot, however, honestly say, that I saw a great deal to occasion any thing like an admiration. The waiter, to be sure, as his wont doubtless is with all strangers, directed my attention to the steeple, telling me that it was higher than the Greenock one; but we have so many handsome steeples in Glasgow, it could not reasonably be expected that this of "the Port" would be regarded by me as any

very extraordinary object. One thing, however, I ascertained completely to my satisfaction, which is, that the story of its being crooked is not correct, although, in the matter of the general edifice, there may be a foundation for the report; that building being bevelled to the shape of the street, and erected in an ajee style, has no doubt given rise to the misrepresentation. Upon the which I would remark, that we have, in this instance, an example how careful and precise travellers should be in publishing their descriptions; for it has been a sore heart to the worthy people of Port-Glasgow to think it is a received opinion in the great world, that their beautiful steeple is lout-shouldered, when, in fact, it is only the town-house that is lap-sided.

When I had satisfied my curiosity relative to all the particulars concerning this renowned structure, I visited the dry-

dock, a very useful place for maritime purposes of various sorts, especially for repairing vessels' bottoms; and then I went to investigate that famous antiquity, the old Castle; and, in turning back towards the public, I saw several of the inhabitants at their shop-doors, and some elderly characters standing forenent the inns, waiting for the London papers. Upon the whole they appeared to be a hamely race; and the town, like all small places of little note in the way of business, seemed to have but few young men, and what they had were not of a sort calculated to make a figure in description. As for the houses, they are built in various styles of architecture, and few of them have been erected within the last ten or twenty years; so that it cannot be said the town has actually fallen into a habitude of decay. But I should conjecture

that the population cannot be greatly on the increase.

By the time I had gone my rounds, and come back to the inns, there was a noddy at the door, bound for the town of Greenock; so being somewhat tired with my itinerancy, I stepped into it, where I found a brave young lass going the same road. At first this gave me no concern; but when the noddy began to move, I remembered the story of my deceased worthy old neighbour and brother of the trade, James Hillan, who had his shop at the corner of the Salt-Market, entering "aboon the Cross," and I began to grow, as it were, uneasy.

JAMES HILLAN AND THE YOUNG WOMAN.

James Hillan was a very worthy man, both creditable, and well respectit, but of a kindly simplicity of manner. In his time there was not such an orderly fashion in the art of shop-keeping

as there is now-a-days; we neither fashed ourselves with prentices, nor with journal books and ledgers, but just had one in which we entered all our counts of credit; and when the customers that took on with us paid what they were owing, we scrapit out the debt. In this fashion James, and Mrs Hillan, his wife, keepit their cloth shop, the which being in under the pillars that were then round the buildings of the Cross, had no glass window, but only an open door, which, when James and the mistress went home to their own house in the Stockwell, at meal-time, was always locked.

It happened one evening, that, as her wont was, Mrs Hillan steppit home a short time before her gudeman, to have the tea masket by the time he would come, and as James was setting bye the tartans and plaidings that stood at the door-cheek for a sign and show, a kintra wife drew up to buy something. "Come in, young woman," said James, for that was his manner of salutation to all ages of the female sex. "Come in," said he, "and steek the door," meaning the half-door, a convenience which, like many other good old fashions, has gone down; and over which, in his

shop, I have often stood, to see the lords coming in, and the magistrates drinking the King's health, on the birth-day, at the Cross. So in came the customer, but, no being acquaintit with the manner of shop-doors, as James was looting down behind the counter, to lift up what she wanted, she shut the mickle door upon them, and there they were, the two innocent souls, in the dark by themselves. "Heh!" quoth James, "but it's grown suddenly dark—we maun get a candle;" and with that he came round the counter to where the carlin was standing. "Hey! what's this, young woman?" cried he; "what gart you shut the door?" and with that he flew till't, with a panting heart, and found the lock-bolt was almost shotten. "Think what might have been the consequence if it had gane in a' thegither, and me obliged to cry to the neighbours, to let me and the young woman out of the dark shop," said James, as he used to tell the tale in his jocose manner.

So I thought of this story as I was nodding away to Greenock, beside the Port-Glasgow lass; but by and by an-

other passenger came in, and we arrived safe and sound.

I observed on the road as we travelled along, that the young ladies of "the Port" were all going Greenock-ward; and no doubt they had reasons, well-known to themselves, for seeking that direction, dressed out in their best; and I could not avoid reflecting that this tribute of her beauties which Port-Glasgow pays to Greenock is an absolute acknowledgment of her inferiority, and it naturally led me to expect what, indeed, I found in reality, a very different sort of a town; for in Greenock there is not only a steeple, but likewise a bottle-cone, and a bell-entry; and not only an old harbour, but also a new harbour; besides the place they call the tail of the bank, and that stately edificial pile, the Custom-house, with diverse churches, schools, and places of worship; a Tontine Inn, a Play-

house, and Assembly Rooms, built at a great cost of thousands of pounds, for the purpose of having a dance, maybe thrice a-year. I'll certainly no go the length of the Port-Glasgow man that came in upon us on the road, and say that the toom house fornent the Tontine is a monument of the upsetting vanity of the Greenock folk, but it's surely a type of the enterprizing spirit of the place; for it should be allowed that they must have had great notions of things, and a strong sense of prosperity, to project and bring to a completion such undertakings. But there was an ettling beyond discretion perhaps in this; for a town like Greenock is overly near to our great city ever to have a genteel independency in its own community to maintain such establishments with a suitable bravery. And so it has, as I was informed, kythed; for the Assembly Room buildings are in a

manner deserted in their purposes; insomuch that some folks are of an opinion that they might be put to a worse use than by being converted into a kirk, as the profane Circus in our town was transmogrified into a tabernacle of prayer.

From what I could pick out of my companions in the noddy, it's a serious object with the Port-Glasgow folk to rival Greenock; but the Greenock people, like the cow in the meadow, regardless of the puddock, chew the cud of their own self-satisfaction in great complacency. It would, however, be too critical for the nature of my writings to particularise all the manifold merits and instances of public spirit among the feuars, sub-feuars, and inhabitants of Greenock. They have got, I believe, something of every kind of institution among them, except a lunatic asylum; and they are lied upon if they have not some things that they stand less

in need of; for it was a wise saying that I have heard said of a daft laddie, belonging to Glasgow, when he was asked what took him so often to Greenock,—"It's a fine place," quo' Jemmy, "for a' the folk there are just like mysel."

But no to dwell at o'er great a length on the ettling of the Greenockians, I'll just mention a thing that was told to me by a very creditable person that was no Port-Glasgow man. After the Edinburgh Musical Festival, nothing less would serve the aspiring people of Greenock than an oratorio, for which purpose they made a wonderful collection of precentors, melodious weavers, and tuneful cordwainers, together with sackbuts and psalteries, and various other sorts of musical implements of sound; and that nothing fitting might be wanting, as to place, they borrowed the oldest kirk in the town; the cold in which prevented

some of the flute-players, it is thought, from properly crooking their mouths, while the damp made the fiddle-strings as soft as pudding skins; so that when the work began, there was nothing but din for music, and for quavers a chattering of teeth. The outcry was so dreadful in the chorus of "hallelujah," that it might be well called a halleboloo; and there was a suspicion that the whole affair was a device of some paukie young doctors, who at the time were scant of practice, and thought the cold damp kirk might help them.

When I had seen the outlines and selvages of Greenock, and made my own remarks on the spruce clerks, and noticed a surprising apparition of beautiful Misses, I went to see my worthy friend and customer Mr Tartan, who, after some discourse anent the cause of the late falling off in the demand for superfines among his

correspondents in the Highlands, invited me to take my dinner with him at his own house, where I met with several gentlemen of a powerful sagacity in all manner of affairs. It was really a wonder to hear how they riddled the merits of things, proving one another's opinions all chaff and stour, a controversical spirit begotten, as Mr Tartan told me, out of the town politics; every body, feuars, sub-feuars, and inhabitants in general, having all a share and handling in the concerns of their body politic.

CHAPTER VII.

As I had promised to Mrs M'Lecket to be at home to my own bed by the retour of the steam-boats, I was obligated to leave the company round Mr Tartan's bowl; so I came away, and found my old friend the Waterloo, at the Custom-house quay, on the point of departure, with a various assortment of characters on board, some of whom, as I was in a blithe mood, by reason of the goodness of Mr Tartan's punch and hospitality, entered into a jocose conversation with me, the which was really very facetious for a time, and lasted till we paid our respects to the douse town of Port-Glasgow. After landing such of

the cargo as were belonging to that sea-port, the paddles were set a-going again, and away we went. By the time we had passed the old castle, I observed a man sitting by himself, that I took a curiosity to converse with.

THE DUMBIE'S SON.

He was a pale thin man, very fair in the complexion, with light grey eyes, and an odd and unsound look. By his talk, I gathered he had come from among the lakes of Cumberland and the hills of Westmoreland; and that he had been out on an adventure to the Highland lochs and islands, on some superstitious inquiry anent their poeticals, and other monuments of forgotten antiquity. Having satisfied his curiosity, he was bound homeward, and I jealoused by his cackle, that he was hard with egg for the publication of a book concerning Icolmkill, Staffa, and other fantastical places, where the monks and druids were wont to hold their houffs and congregations.

As we sailed along, I rehearsed to him at great length, and with the utmost particularity in my power to do, the whole tot of the history that Deucalion of Kentucky had told me in the morning; to the hearing of which he gave great heed, declaring, that surely the man had a colouring of genius in his thought beyond the common prosaic nature of the American mind, with other high and mystical touches of a phraseology that had the same sort of resemblance to ordinary discourse, which the flavour of grouse has to barn-door hens, a difference which I lately had occasion to observe in some of my voyages and travels. He then said to me that there was certainly something very wonderful in the reflections of the human understanding when left to itself, and that natural enthusiasm was but a state in which the mind passed on to the contemplation of the result of certain considerations, without pausing to compare them with worldly circumstances. I replied to him, that really his remark was above my reach; but no doubt it had a foundation somewhere, and if not in the order of things, without question in his own imagination, which was still a something wherein the powers of nature must be allowed to

inhabit and possess some sort of sway and dominion. At this observe, which he said was exceedingly just and philosophical, he added, that, without entering upon any controversy, he would relate to me some anecdotes of his own life, which he was sure would convince me of the soundness of his opinion.

"You must know," resumed he, after some farther digression from the point, "that I do not consider myself as a common man of this world, for I have been brought up under circumstances, which, perhaps, no other ever experienced. I am the only child of a dumb man and dumb woman —dumb and deaf they were both from their birth, and I was seven years old before I heard the intellectual voice of man—that voice and organ by which his spirit communes with its fellows. I had, it is true, heard the babble and jabber of tongues from those clods of the valley that bear the impress of humanity, like the counters of base metal, stamped with the mintage of the guinea—but no vocal effusion of soul had sounded in my hearing.

My father and mother lived in a small cottage by themselves on the banks of the Combermere.

No path led to their dwelling. Nature had imposed silence upon them, and interdicted them from holding communion with their species. I was, in consequence, left without any instructor. They could tell me nothing; and the seasons changed around me, and objects daily passed which I viewed with wonder, but sought not to discover whence or what they were. The boats that sailed on the lake I thought were birds; but I understood the mute intelligence of the eyes of the cattle and sheep on the pastures around, as I did the looks of my silent parents.

When I was about six years old my mother died. I knew not then what death was, but I have since acquired the painful knowledge. I saw her weak and moaning, and my father sitting by her pillow, and constantly hovering over her bed. His tears fell fast as he looked at her; at last she gave a faint struggle, and from that moment she moved no more. My father watched her for some time with eager and sorrowful eyes, and then, as if suddenly awakened from a slumber, he started up from the place where he was sitting, and taking me by the hand led me out of the cottage, which he carefully fastened behind

me, and lifting me in his arms, carried me to a hamlet, about three miles from our house in the solitude. By signs, he made the peasants understand that they were to take care of me, and he stretched himself on the ground, and strewed earth over him. Every one looked on and seemed dejected. He then went away, and I never saw him again.

About a week after this event, an old man, whom I have since learnt was the pastor of the parish, came, and took me by the hand, and conducted me to a house where a great number of the country folks were assembled, and when they saw us, they brought out two large black chests from the house, and having placed them on their shoulders, they all mutely followed. I could not divine, in my young wonder, what the solemnity meant, but I was moved with an awful fear, and my heart beat so thickly, that I could with difficulty breathe.

They marched on to a green enclosure, in the middle of which an old large house was situated. It had a strange and deserted look, and in the furniture there was nothing of which, in my simplicity, I could discover the use. In it, however,

they placed the two black chests; and the old man, who had led me by the hand, performed a strange ceremony over them. I knew not its purport; his lips moved. I heard a sound, but it only made my spirit hungry, while it chilled it with an indescribable dread.

When this was done, the two awful black chests were removed into the enclosure. I then remarked, that although it was greener than the fields, it was nothing like them, but heaved up into turfy pillows, some of which were adorned with stones, mossy and furred with the impress of many years. I could not imagine for what use they were placed there, but there was a sadness in the countenance of the people that oppressed my spirit.

When we had traversed this strange enclosure, close to the wall I saw a deep hole trenched out, —into this the two black boxes were slowly lowered, and a little earth was thrown upon them. How dreadful to me was the rattle of that little earth on those mysterious arks. I had heard the summer thunder answered by all the echoes of the mountains, but it was not so dreadful as the sound of that shovel-full of earth. Then the

hole was filled up, and I was led back, and placed by the old pastor under the charge of a poor woman in the hamlet, by whom I was taught to speak and to commune with my fellows; but the memory of that spectacle was ever before me,—it was in my heart, although I knew not till long after that it was the funeral of my dumb parents."

There was something in this tale, and in the way the Lake man told it, that made all who heard it eirie, and, as it were, afraid of something no one could tell what. Besides, the night was set in, and though it was as beautiful as the summer ever shewed, nature being in a state of composure, the heavens, with all their eyes of light, looking calm upon the world, and the moon shining upon the water, yet there was a silence in the air that was felt in the heart, and the sound of the steam-boat's paddles was likened by the Dumbie's son to the

wheels of the world that bear us along the tide of time. In short, I know not how it was, but we all fell into a kind of religious churme about the depths and wonders of nature, and the unfathomable sympathies of the heart of man. At last, Mr Gauze of Paisley, who was of our company, a well-read paukie carl, that kens more than he lets on, seeing the frame of our reflections, began, in a far off way, to cast about his cantrips, with the which I leave the courteous reader to guess what he did, by the rehearsal of the following story, in the telling of which it is not to be described what he effected, not only by his awsome look and voice, but the aids and helps he got from the scene of night, and the solemn waters through which our vessel was working her weary way towards the Renfrew ferry, for by this time we had left Dumbarton Castle far behind, and had passed Dun-

glass, that ancient ruin, of which I have never been able to get any further account, than that it is supposed to have been bigget by the Picts, and doubtless has had the curse of God pronounced against its owners, since they are all utterly perished from off the face of the earth. However, to return to Mr Gauze.

KING CHARLES AND THE WITCHES.

ONCE on a time, said he, when the funny King Charles was in great straits, and jeopardy of fortune, as he was sitting in the midst of his courtiers and counsellors after supper in his palace, heavy and worn out in spirit, he declared on his honour as a prince, that he felt himself so oppressed and weighed down, he would grant to any one of them the first reasonable petition he might have occasion to present, who would lighten his fancy that night; whereupon, all the courtiers and counsellors began to strive with one another to divert his majesty, every one telling something

that was to be more comical than the tales which had gone before. But their endeavours were all in vain; the more tribulation they put themselves to in order to make the King laugh, and grow again jocose, the more they saddened his royal spirit, till he said, in the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

But it happened, that there was that night in the presence a learned discreet doctor of divinity, from the west country, on some concern of the kirk which required a canny handling to bring to a proper issue; and he, seeing the weak and feckless striving of the lords and gentlemen, said, "May it please your Majesty, I would do the part of a loyal subject in this matter; but the stories I have to tell are no so wonderful as those which your Majesty has graciously endeavoured to endure." The words of which address so drew the King's attention, that he desired the doctor to tell him one of his tales.

"I doubt, most dread monarch," replied the doctor, "that what I have to tell will obtain little credit here; but as your Majesty is well known to be, in the words of the Prayer-book, a most religious sovereign, perhaps it may be blessed on your

Majesty's pious frame of mind, with a salutary impression and effect. What I have to say, is of an adventure that befell myself, when I was a lad, before going to the College of Glasgow.

"Your Majesty has belike heard that there are certain mystical women in the world called witches. In the shire of Renfrew, we have had, both in time past and at present, no small trouble with their pranks, and it is as thoroughly believed among the country folk as the gospel, that the witches are in the practice of gallanting over field and flood after sun-set, in the shape of cats and mawkins, to dance the La Volta, with a certain potentate that I shall not offend your Majesty by naming.

"I should here explain, that the witches, when they take the shape of hares, charm away the power of pouther and lead; so that unless the gun be loaded with silver, it will not go off, or, if it does go off, it will not kill, especially in the hands of a young sportsman; and that the best antidote to their charm, is for the sportsman, when he is an experienced hand, to put a pair of silver sleeve-buttons in his fowling-piece. When he does this, and fires with effect, it is said, and the fact is often well attested, the hare will never be seen again;

but beyond the next hedge, some dubious carlin will, in all human probability, be found riddled in the hips, saying her prayers backwards. What I have to tell is an undoubted proof of this, for it happened to myself in the presence of the late Logan of that ilk, a man of singular piety, and one of the best shots in the shire of Ayr.

"Being staying with him, we one day went out to shoot. It was in the afternoon. We started nothing, and we staid late, not very content, as your Majesty may well think, with such profitless sport. But I trow we have both had cause to remember long that afternoon; for in the gloaming, as we were coursing with our dejected dogs, the which were as disappointed as ourselves, we started, as we thought, a hare out of a whin bush. It ran before us, in every gesture, lith, and limb, just like a hare, and the dogs pursued it as if it had been nothing less natural. We followed, never doubting that it was a hare.

"A fine har'st evening had set in, and the new moon, the sickle of Time, betokened, in the western heavens, that Nature was binding up the sheaves of our days; but, nevertheless, we followed our game, never suspecting that it was any

thing but a poor terrified mawkin. Logan took a vizy, and fired, but his gun flashed in the pan; I likewise presented, and, in the same moment, my hand was smitten with a cramp, or something no canny, but neither of us, for all that, entertained any doubt of the hare being what it appeared—a hare.

"Well, sir, please your majesty, Logan primed again, and I, having beaten the life into my fingers, followed the game, and fired, but missed.—This set Logan foremost, and he shortly after also fired. He might as well have whistled; and what we had at first thought a hare, continued to scamper on unhurt.

"By this time I had loaded again, and after running on some twenty paces in the track of the beast, confident I had a hare in view, I fired a second time. It was of no avail.—Logan having in the meanwhile loaded, came up to me.

"In the pursuit, we had followed the hare, as we thought it was, to the walls of an old abbey. It had been a sanctified place in the times of popery, but it was burnt down when Glencairn, at the Reformation, herrit the monks' nests throughout Cuningham. Many a sad story was told of

that place. It would crudle the royal blood in your Majesty's sacred veins, were I to relate what is told and believed concerning the deeds done by the popish friars in that ruinous monastery. One day, when a farmer, whom I knew, was pulling down a piece of the wall to help to mend a dike, he found the skeleton of a human hand built in with the stones. What more he discovered he never would reveal, but from that day he was an altered man. However, to return from this digression, please your Majesty, the moon and twilight shone bright on the abbey walls, and we saw the hare, as we thought, as perfect as possible, cowering along the bottom of the wall. I would have fired, but Logan stopped me. He was a worthy pious man.

"'Lend me your sleeve-buttons,' said he. They were Bristol stones set in silver. The manner in which he spoke was very solemn. It made the flesh crawl on my bones, and my hair to rise. I said nothing, but took the buttons from my shirt sleeves, keeping my eye stedfast on the hare, as we both thought it was. He did the same. The buttons out of my right sleeve he put into his gun. 'Put the others in yours,' said he.—I did

so.—'In the name of the Lord,' cried he, 'take aim.' We presented together; we both fired in the same moment, and ran to the spot where we thought a hare had been."

"And what the devil was it?" cried the King.

"Please your Majesty," replied the doctor, "it was just a fine fat hare."

During the time of this recital, one Mrs M'Freat, a decent carlin from Oban, was particularly attentive; but at the end, when we were all laughing at King Charles's disappointment, she said, with a very serious countenance, that we were no doubt free to gaffaw as we pleased, but for her part, she had reason to know and ken that there was mony a thing in this world that required an explanation; and then she proceeded and told us how, one morning in the last summer—but I will relate what she said at full length, in her own words.

THE WRAITH.

A fine morning it was, said she, the lift clear, and the air brisk, and every thing without young and fresh, and quickened, as it were, with the sense of a living power. My youngest dochter, Flora, a bairn o' ten years and three months, but a thoughtful lassie for her time o' life, couldna rest in her bed; she was eirie and unco, and fain and fey, under the constraint and pushing on of an invisible hand,—in short, she couldna be mastered, and we were obligated to let her run her race; so up she rose out of her bed, and putting on her clothes, went out to the kail-yard to play hersel, and by hersel; she hadna been there long, when back she came, crying that she had seen a bonny wee white lambie in the eye of the morning, but that when she went to touch him, he vanished awa'.—There was something like daftness in this, and I canna tell the effect it had on me, that was her mother. I thought the poor bairn was surely gane by herself.—Then she went out again, and back she came, wi' a face o' terrifica-

tion, pale and wan, her een standing in her head, and her looks raised, and no canny.

"What's the matter, Flora, my dear," quo' I.

"O, I hae seen death!" quo' she.

"And what was he like, my sweet lamb?" I said, scarcely kennin' what I said, for a power was upon my spirit, and I trembled at every limb.

"He's like Jamie Campbell Lorn," quoth the ghastly lassie, "only he has nae flesh on his legs, and his belly's a' banes, just like a creel,—and he looked at me wi' holes in his head, where he should have had een."

"Gude guide us!" said both the gudeman and me, "the bairn has got a waff o' the second sight. —And what did he say to you, Flora?"

"He said nothing," quo' she, "but walked before me, looking round at me. O he was a dreadful-like thing!"

When we heard this, we said no more, but thought wi' seriousness that it couldna but betoken something; and the gudeman put it down in his book, wi' day and date—and think what was the outcome? About a week after, we heard frae Greenock that poor Jamie, on the same day, and at the same hour, fell frae a scaffold in Scott's

yard, or the dry dock, and was killed cold dead on the spot.

To this nobody made reply, but all sat silent; and I canna say I was comfortable; for, in the meantime, while Mrs M'Freat was speaking, I saw before us a tall white figure, standing high on the deck—higher than the sons of men; and the lights at the Broomielaw, to which we were now drawing near, shone dimly through the apparition. O, but I was glad when the vessel stoppit, for I kent na what to mak o' the spectacle, till, lo and behold! it was nothing but a fizzing fume of the vapour of the boiler. There ne'er, however, was any thing seen liker to a true ghost in a winding-sheet, than it was; so I was exceedingly rejoiced when I found myself once more safely on the dry land, and treading the ground of Glasgow. Mrs M'Lecket, when I reach-

ed the house, was wearying and wondering what could have detained me, and had a bit nice supper waiting my partaking. Thus ended my second voyage—the which, however, although more abundant in personalities of adventure towards myself, was not upon the whole so pleasant as the first, so that my thirst of travelling to see foreign sights was in a manner cooled; and, for the remainder of that season I comforted myself dousely in the Saltmarket.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVING nourished my faculties for observation by reflecting on the various things I had seen, and the extraordinaries I had heard, I began again to feel the spirit of curiosity germinating to new adventures, which it would at one time have been far from my hand to have undertaken. But travelling enlarges the mind, and experience is a great encourager in the way of venturing afield. I was, however, for a season perplexed anent the airt in which I should steer my course, as the Jack Tars say, till some accident brought me to think, that of late years our young haberdashers, and others in the fancy line, are in the practice of ta-

king a trip up to the town of London, to see the fashions.—Thinking of this, as I was saying, it came into my head, that if such jauntings were profitable to them, the like might be of service to me in my business—at the same time, considering the steady hand I had always held in my calling, it would not do for me to be overly ready to change my methods; and therefore, before attempting anything of the sort, I thought it would be prudent to see a little more of the world, and look about me. For although Glasgow is surely a large and populous place, it must be allowed that it is but a narrow sphere for observation, and that a man who spends his whole life therein, between, as it were, the punch-bowl and the coffee-room, cannot be else, as a man, than one of the numerous family of the *Smalls*, a term which I heard an exhibitioner at Baliol's, from our College to Oxford, employ in speak-

ing of persons with poor heads and proud purses—and nobody could dispute with him the justness thereof.

However, not to descant on particularities, let it suffice, that one night, over a dish of tea (the Englishers, as I afterwards found, say a cup of tea,) with Mrs M'Lecket, I said to her, " What would ye think, Mistress, if I were to set out on a journey to London ?"

Mrs M'Lecket had then the pourie in her hand to help my cup ; but she set it down with a stot, and, pushing back her chair, remained for a space of time in a posture of astonishment, by which I discovered that it was a thing she never expected would have entered my head. I then expounded to her how it might be serviceable to me to inspect the ways of business in London ; but although nothing could be more reasonable than what I set forth on that head, she shook

hers, and said, " This comes of your gallanting in the Greenock steam-boats; but ye're your own master, Mr Duffle, and may do as ye think fit—howsomever, it's my opinion that the coronation has a temptation in it that ye're blate to own."

After thus breaking the ice with Mrs M'Lecket, I consulted with Mr Sweeties as to money matters and lesser considerations; and having made a suitable arrangement for being from home a whole month, and bought a new trunk for the occasion, with the 'nitial letters of my name on the lid in brass nails, I was taken in a stage-coach to Edinburgh. Some advised me to prefer the track-boat on the canal to Lock No. 16; but as I had the long voyage from Leith to London before me, I considered with myself, that I would have enough of the water or a' was done, and therefore resolved to travel by land, though it was a thought more expensive.

My companions in the coach consisted of Mrs Gorbals, who was taking in her youngest daughter, Miss Lizzy, to learn manners at a boarding-school in Edinburgh—and a Greenock gentleman, who was on his way to get the opinion of counsel anent a rivisidendo on some interlocutor of the Lord Ordinary concerning the great stool law-plea of that town; and we were a very tosh and agreeable company. For of Mrs Gorbals it does not require me to tell, that she is a blithe woman; and Miss Lizzy, although she has not quite so much smeddum as her elder sister Miss Meg, that Mr M'Gruel, the Kilwinning doctor, had a work with last year, is, however, a fine, good-tempered lassie, and, when well schooled, may pass for a lady in the Trongate, among the best and the brawest, any day. As for the feuars and subfeuars of Greenock, every body knows

what a pith of talent is in them, and how cleverly they can see through the crooks and crevices of all manner of difficulties. I need, therefore, only say, that our fellow-passenger had no small portion of the ability common among his townsfolk. I should remark by hands, that on the outside of the coach there was a man from Port-Glasgow in the volunteering line, watching a bit box with his cleeding, and hadding on by the rail like grim death.

In the course of our journey to the capital town of Scotland we met with no accident, but had a vast deal of very jocose conversation. Twice or thrice Mrs Gorbals pawkily tried to pick out of me where I was going, and seemed to jealouse that I was bound on a matrimonial exploit; but I was no so kittly as she thought, and could thole her progs and jokes with the greatest pleasance and

composure, by which she was sorely put to in her conjectures.

As it was not my intent to stay any time in Edinburgh at the outgoing of my jaunt, as soon as the coach stopped, I hired a porter from the Highlands, and he took my trunk on his shoulder, and we walked both together on to Leith. Luckily for me it was that I had been so expeditious, for we reached the pier in the very nick of time, just when the new steam-boat, the City of Edinburgh, was on the wing of departure. So on board I steppit, where I found a very jovial crew of passengers. Among others, Doctor and Mrs Pringle from Garnock, who were going up to London, as the reverend Doctor told me himself, on account of their daughter, Mrs Sabre, Miss Rachael that was, being at the down-lying, and wishing her mother to be present at the handling.

I said to him, considering what he had suffered in his first voyage, that I was surprised he would have ventured on water again, especially as he had his own carriage. But both he and Mrs Pringle declared, that the tribulation and extortioning of travelling by land was as ill to abide as the sea-sickness, which I can well believe, for at every house, when we changed horses in coming from Glasgow in the stage-coach, there was the stage-driver begging his optional; to say nothing of what Mrs Pringle herself remarked concerning the visible comfort of such a steam-boat, where every thing was on a neat genteel fashion, and no sort of commodity neglected.

I told her, however, that I was not sure but from the boiler there might be a danger, when we were out on the ocean sea; whereupon the Doctor, who, in his first voyage to Glasgow, had got an in-

sight of the method of enginery, took and shewed me all how it worked, and how the boiler, when the steam was overly strong, had a natural way of its own of breaking the wind off its stomach, as he said, in his pawkie and funny way, which was very diverting to hear. I need not therefore say that I was greatly delighted to find myself in such good company as the Doctor and that clever woman his lady, who is surely a fine patron to wives throughout the whole west country, especially in the shire of Ayr.

Nothing could be more facetious than our voyage; every body was just in the element of delight; the sea rippled, and the vessel paddled, as if she had been a glad and living thing, and sailed along so sweetly, that both Dr Pringle and me thought that surely the owners had some contrivance of a patent nature for creeshing the soles of her feet.

A JEANIE DEANS IN LOVE.

AMONG the passengers was a Mrs Mashlam, from the vicinity of Mincybole, whom I knew when formerly she was servan lass to Bailie Shuttle, before she gaed into Edinburgh. She was then a bonnie guileless lassie, just a prodigy of straight-forward simplicity, and of a sincerity of nature by common; indeed, it was all owing to her chaste and honest demeanour, that she got so well on in the world, as to be married to her most creditable gudeman, Mr Mashlam, who is not only of a bein circumstance, but come of a most respectable stock, having cousins and connexions far ben among the genteelity in Edinburgh. He fell in with her on her return from her great adventure with the Duke of York at London, which made such a great noise throughout the West at the time, and which, but for open-hearted innocency, would have left both cloors and dunkles in her character.

At the first I did not know Bell again, but she knew me, and made up to me, introducing her gudeman, and telling me that they were going up

on a jaunt to London, because she had been for some time no in very good health, but chiefly to see the King crowned, the which, I have a notion, was the errand's end of most of us, notwithstanding what Doctor and Mrs Pringle said about their daughter's lying in. After some change of conversation, we sat down on stools on the deck,—a great convenience, and most pleasant in such fine weather as we had; and on my speering at Mrs Mashlam anent her former journey to London, of which I heard but the far-off sough of rumour, she blushed a thought in the face, and then said, "Noo, that a's past, and my folly of teen love cured, I needna be ashamed to tell the particulars before the face of the whole world, and the fifteen Lords.

"When I was servan with Captain MacConochy, Serjeant Lorie of his company had a wark with me. He came often about the house, and as he was of a serious turn like mysel, I thought the mair o' him that he never spoke of love, for he wasna in a way to marry. But ae night as I lay on my bed, it was, as it were, whispered in my ear, that if I could do a thing for him that would mak him hae a pride in me, he would mas-

ter the doubts of his fortune, and make me his wife. Wi' this notion I fancied that I might hae the power to persuade the Duke of York, if I could get a word of his Royal Grace, to gie the serjeant a commission. The road, however, is lang between Edinburgh and the Horse Guards, but a woman's love will travel farther than horses; so I speered at the serjeant, without letting on to him o' what was in my head, about the way of going to London, and how to see the Duke, and when I got my half year's fee, I got leave frae my mistress for a fortnight to see a frien', and set out in the smack for the Horse Guards.

"When I reached London, I dressed mysel in my best, and speered my way to the Duke's office. The first day I lingered blately about the place. On the second, the folk and soldiers there thought I wasna in my right mind, and compassionated me. A weel-bred gentleman, seeing me hankering at the gate, inquired my business, and when I told him it was with his Royal Grace, he bade me bide, and he would try what could be done; and shortly after going into the house, he came out, and said the Duke would see me.

"Up to that moment I felt no want of an encouraging spirit; but I kenna what then came o'er me, for my knees faltered, and my heart beat, as I went up the stairs; and when I was shewn into the presence, in a fine room, with spacious looking-glasses, I could scarcely speak for awe and dread. The shawl fell from my shoulders, and his Royal Grace, seeing my terrification, rose from his sittee, and put it on in the most ceeveleezed and kindly manner. He was in reality a most well-bred gentleman, and, for discretion, would be a patron to mony a Glasgow manufacturer, and Edinburgh writer. He then encouraged me to proceed with my business, asking me in a hamely manner, what it was.

"Please your Royal Grace," said I, "there's a young lad, a friend o' mine, that I would fain get promoted; and, if your Royal Grace would like to do a kind turn, he would soon be an officer, as he's a serjeant already. He has nobody to speak a word for him, so I hae come from Scotland on purpose to do it mysel."

"The Duke looked at me with a sort of kindly curiosity, and replied,—'Well, I have heard and

read of such things, but never met with the like before.'

"He then inquired very particularly all about what was between the serjeant and me, and if I was trysted to marry him; and I told him the plain simple truth, and I could see it did not displease him that I had undertaken the journey on the hope of affection. He said there were, however, so many claims, that it would not be easy to grant my request. I told him I knew that very well, but that others had friens to speak for them, and the serjeant had nane but mysel. Upon which he looked at me very earnestly, with a sort of mercifulness in his countenance, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave me three guineas, and bade me go away back on the Sunday following by the smack to Leith. He gart me promise I would do so; and then, as I was going out of the room, he bade me, after I had taen my passage place, to come again on the morn, which I did, but on that morning he had broken his arm, and couldna be seen. I saw, however, one of his Lords. They told me since syne, it was no doubt my Lord Palmerston, and his Lordship informed me what had happened to the Duke, and gave me

two guineas, obliging me, in like manner as his Royal Grace had done, to promise I would leave London without delay, assuring me in a most considerate manner, that my business would be as well attended to in my absence as if I were to stay. So I thankit him as well as I could, and told him he might say to the Duke, that as sure as death I would leave London on the Sabbath morning, not to trouble him any more, being content with the friendship of his royal spirit.

"Accordingly, on the Sabbath, I gaed back in the smack, and the serjeant would hardly believe me, when I said whar I had been, and what I had done for him. But when he was made an ensign, he turned his back on me, and set up for a gentleman. I thought my heart would have gurged within me at the slight; and a very little would have made me set out a second time to the Duke, and tell him how I had been served; but, after greeting out my passion and mortification on my secret pillow, I thought to mysel, that I would let the serjeant fall out in some other's hand; and that I was none the worse for the good I had wised to him as a soldier, though, by altering his vain heart, it had done himself none as a man;

and when I cam into this contentment, I got the better of my pining and sorrow." And in saying these words, she took Mr Mashlam in a loving manner by the hand, and said, "I hae no reason to rue the disappointment of my first love; and I only hope that Mr Loric, for the kind-natured Duke's sake, will prove true to his colours, lightly though he valued my weak and poor affection."

Every body in the Steam-boat was greatly taken with Bell, and none in all the company was treated with more respect than her and her gudeman. So on we sailed in the most agreeable manner.

Doctor Pringle and the Mistress having visited London before, were both able and most willing to give me all sort of instruction how to conduct myself there, which the Doctor assured me was the biggest town by far that he had ever seen in his life; and certainly, when I saw it myself, I had no reason to doubt the correctness of his judgment, although,

in some edificial points, it may not be able to stand a comparative with Edinburgh or Glasgow. But notwithstanding the experience which they had of the ways of managing in London, we were sorely put to it on our disembarking at Wapping; for the Doctor, to shew me how well he could set about things, left me and Mrs Pringle standing on the wharf, and went himself to bring a hackney for us and our luggage. They were, in their way to Captain Sabre's in Baker Street, to set me down at the lodging-house in Norfolk Street, Strand, where they had been civilly treated while living there when up about their great legacy, —"but ance awa aye awa." Long and wearily did Mrs Pringle and me wait, and no word of the Doctor coming back. The Mistress at last grew uneasy, and I was terrified, suffering more than tongue can tell, till the Doctor made his appear-

ance in a coach, as pale as ashes, and the sweat hailing from his brow. He had lost his road; and, rambling about in quest of it, and likewise of a coach, was mobbit by a pack of ne'er-do-weels and little-worth women in a place called Ratcliffe Highway, and in the hobbleshow his watch was pickit out of his pocket by a pocket-picker, and his life might have been ta'en, but for the interference of a creditable-looking man, who rescued him out of their hands.

This was a sore sample to me of the Londoners; and I quaked inwardly when, as we drove along the street in the hackney, I saw the multitudes flowing onwards without end, like a running river, thronger than the Trongate on a Wednesday, especially when I thought of the crowd that was expected to be at the Coronation. However, nothing happened, and I was set down with my trunk at the

door of the Doctor's old lodging in Norfolk Street, Strand, where the landlady was most glad to see the Doctor and the Mistress looking so well; but her house was taken up with foreigners from different parts of the country come to see the King crowned, and she could not accommodate me therein. However, as I was a friend of the Doctor's, she invited me to step into her parlour, and she would send to a neighbour in Howard Street, that had a very comfortable bed-room to let. So I bade my fellow-passengers good day, and, stepping in, was in due season accommodated, as was expected, in the house of Mrs Damask, a decent widow woman, that made her bread by letting lodgings to single gentlemen.

Having thus narrated the occasion and voyage of my coming to London, I will now pause, in order to digest and methodise such things as it may be entertaining

to the courteous reader to hear, concerning my exploits and observes in the metropolitan city; for it is no my intent to enter into the particularities of buildings and curiosities, but only to confine my pen to matters appertaining to the objects of business that drew me thither, with such an account of the Coronation as may naturally be expected from one who had so many advantages at the same as I had; not, however, would I have it supposed, that I paid any greater attention to the pageantry thereof, than was becoming a man of my years and sobriety of character.

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION.

London being, as is well known, a place of more considerable repute than Greenock, or even Port Glasgow, notwithstanding the renown of its steeple, upon which I have so fully enlarged in my foregoing voyages, it seems meet that I should be at some outlay of pains and particularities in what I have to indite concerning it; and, therefore, it is necessary to premise, by way of preface, to appease critical readers, that my observations were not so full and satisfactory as they might have been, because of the

hubbub of his Majesty's royal Coronation, which happened to take place while I was there. It's true that I had an inkling, by the newspapers, before my departure from Glasgow, that the solemnity might be performed about the time I counted on being in London, but every body knows it was a most uncertain thing; and as for the King's own proclamation anent the same, is it not written in the Bible, "Put not your trust in Princes"? However, scarcely had Mrs Damask shewn me the bed-room that was to be mine, and I had removed our sederunt, after settling terms, to her parlour, where she was to get me a chop of mutton for my dinner, when she began to inquire if I wasna come to see the Coronation. But I said to her, which was the fact, "I am come on business; no that I object to look at the crowning the King, if it's possible, but it would be an unco like thing o' a man at my years of dis-

cretion to be running after ony sic pro-formity."

She was, however, very much like my own landlady, Mrs M'Lecket, a thought dubious of my sincerity on that point, and the mair I said to convince her that I had a very important matter on hand, the less did she look as if she believed me. But she said nothing, a thing which I must commend as the height of prudence, and as a swatch of good breeding among the Englishers; for there is not a Scotch landlady, who, in such a case, would not have shaken her head like a sceptic, if she didna charge me with telling an even doun lee.

When I was sitting at my dinner, there arose a great tooting of horns in the street —most fearful it was to hear them; and I thought that an alarm must be some-where; so ringing the bell, Mrs Damask came into the room, saying it was but

the evening newspapers, with something about the Coronation, the which raised my curiosity, and I thought that surely the said something must be past ordinaire, to occasion such a rippet; and, therefore, I sent out and paid a whole shilling for one of the papers, but it contained not a word of satisfaction. It, however, had the effect of causing me, when I had finished my chack of dinner, to resolve to go out to inspect the preparations that were making at Westminster Hall and the Abbey. Accordingly, Mrs Damask telling me how I was to direct myself, I sallied forth in quest of the same; and after getting into that street called the Strand, found that I had nothing to do but flow in the stream of the people; and I soon made an observe, that the crowd in London are far more considerate than with us at Glasgow—the folk going one way keep methodically after one another; and those com-

ing the other way do the same, by a natural instinct of civilization, so that no confusion ensues, and none of that dinging, and bumping, and driving, that happens in the Trongate, especially on a Wednesday, enough to make the soberest man wud at the misleart stupidity of the folk, particularly of the farmers and their kintra wives, that have creels with eggs and butter on their arms.

On entering the multitude, I was conveyed by them to the Cross, where there is an effigy of a King, no unlike, in some points, our King William; and winding down to the left, I saw divers great houses and stately fabrics, of various dimensions, suited to their proper purposes, as may be found set forth in "The Picture of London," a book which I bought on the recommendation of Mrs Damask, and in which there is a prodigality of entertainment. But the thing

which struck me most, as I passed by, was the cloth-shop of one Mr Solomon, a Jew man, in the window of which were many embroidered waistcoats, and other costly but old-fashioned garments; with swords of polished steel, and cockit hats, and a paraphernalia sufficient to have furnished the best play-house with garbs for all the ancient characters of the tragedies and comedies.

Seeing such a show of bravery, I stoppit to look; and falling into a converse with a gentleman, he told me--when I said that surely Mr Solomon did not expect to get many customers for such old shopkeepers—that what I saw were Court dresses, and were lent with swords and buckles, and all other necessary appurtenances to the bargain, for five guineas a-piece to gentlemen going to the levees and drawing-rooms, and that they were there displayed for hire to those who in-

tended to see the ceremonies in Westminster Hall. This I thought a very economical fashion, but it did not make so much for the cloth trade as the old custom of folks wearing their own apparel; and it seemed to me that it would have been more for the advantage of business, had the Privy Councillors, and those who had the direction of the Coronation, ordered and commanded all gentlemen to wear new dresses of a new fashion, instead of those curiosities of antiquity, that make honest people look like the pictures of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the Garter, which may be seen in one of the volumes of my very old Magazine, wherein there is a full and particular account of the late Coronation, the which was the cause of my bringing the book in my trunk from Glasgow, in order to enable me to make comparisons.

I had not travelled far towards the Abbey of Westminster, when I had good reason to see and note, that, considering all things, it was very lucky for me to have got to London when I did, for there was such a vast preparation, that it could not, I think, have been in the King's power, with any sort of respect for his people, to have postponed his royal Coronation. The sight, indeed, was such as not to be told—hundreds of men were as busy as bees working at their bikes, building lafts and galleries for spectators, by which the owners expected to make a fortune, it being certain that money at the time of a Coronation, as the old song sings,—

"Flies like the dust in a summer s day.

However, there were sedate persons among the crowd, with whom I entered ;nto discourse, and they told me, as in-

deed the matter came truly to pass, that the Babel-builders of the scaffolds were overdoing the business, for, that although great prices for seats may have been given at the old King's solemnity, the like would not happen again, the space now around the Abbey, and all the way the procession was to march, being greatly enlarged, compared to what it was in former times, and so capable of accommodating a far greater multitude than of old.

This observe made me look about me; and to touch here and there on the generalities of the subject to other persons, who, having a civil look, encouraged me, though a stranger, to break my mind to them.

I fell in, among the rest, with a most creditable elderly man, something of a Quaker it would seem, by the sobriety of his attire,—the colour was a brown mixture,—and he said to me that he

thought the Coronation a most ill-timed proceeding, to which I replied, that surely in a season of great distress throughout the kingdom, it was not well counselled.

"I don't speak of THE DISTRESSES," said he, in a dry manner, "because that is what should be—the landlords in Parliament cannot expect to have high rents and regular-paying tenants, if they reduce their customers to half pay. But it is the Queen, sir—the Queen's case is what makes it most imprudent—all these poor people, with their scaffolds and booths, will be ruined by it—nobody will come to see the Coronation, for it is feared there will be a riot."

"God bless you, sir, you are one of the protectors of innocence, I can see that," cried a randy-like woman, with a basket selling grozets, overhearing our conversation.—"Get about your own af-

fairs, hussy!" exclaimed my sober-looking friend—"It is such as you that have ruined the Queen's cause—What have you to do with her guilt or innocence, you baggage you?"

The woman looked at him very severely; and as I was only a stranger in London, I thought it best to make nimble heels from the scene to another part; and before I was well away, I heard her at him, banning the faint-heartedness of him and all his like, for false friends to the Queen.

The next I spoke to was a young genteel man, with a most methodical gravat, prejinctly tied, and I inquired at him what was his opinion. "It will be a wery fine thing; his Majesty, you see, vill go halong that there platform, vith trumpets, and the ouse of Peers; then he vill come by this ere place, and get into the Habbey there, where the Harshbishop

vill hanoint im vith the oil, and put the crown hon is ead. Then he vill come back; hand hout that rection yonder, the champion, hall in armour, vill ride hinto the all, and challenge to single combat his Majesty's henemies."

"You may say that, now that Boney's gone," cried a pawkey young lad, who was the companion of this gentleman; "but, it's my opinion, the whole will be a most confounded bore. Give me a review for a show How can old men, judges, and privy councillors, with gouty toes, and shaking heads, make else than a caricature of solemnities?"

"Very just," interposed a man in a suit of shabby black, of a clerical cut. "The ceremony has survived the uses which gave it sanctity in the eyes of the people. It will now pass like a pageant of the theatre, and be no longer impressive on its own account, but merely on

account of the superior quantity of the silk and lace that may be shewn in the dresses. Had the spirit of the age been consulted by his Majesty, the thing would have been different. It would have been shewn in some royal act of grace and favour, such as the foundation of a noble institution, where courses of lectures might be given by men of genius and literature, qualified to do justice to the topics." I supposed the gentleman was a professor of lecturing himself; and dreading that he might open on me, I walked to another part of the edificial preparations, where I met with a man of a very sound understanding, who described to me how the floor of the platform was to be covered with broad cloth, which both of us agreed was a most commendable encouragement of trade on the part of his most gracious Majesty; and we thought, likewise, that

the expence, both by the King and the spectators, was a spreading of money, that would augment the means of spending to those employed, and, through them, give encouragement to the dealers in all desirable commodities. The very outlay for ale and strong drink, will encourage the brewers, and the colonies, and the traders in wines, from which farmers and merchants will draw profit; and all traders so heartened, will increase the braws of their wives and families, to the great advantage of the manufacturers and those in the fancy line.

While we were thus speaking on the beneficial consequences of the Coronation, a most termagant rioter came up, bawling one minute, "The Queen for ever!" and then turning his tongue in his cheek, and roaring, "God save the King!" I really thought the rank and dignity of both their Majesties suffered greatly by this proceeding; and I wonder the minis-

ters did not, by a proclamation, forbid all such irreverence anent the characters of the King and Queen. Saying this to a stiff and dry man, of a pale metaphysical look, and a spare habit of body, he said to me, "that the Coronation did not concern personalities, but was a solemn recognition of the monarchical principle in the Constitution, and that they were vulgar fools who considered it as a custom, which any sensible man confounded with two such mere puppets as the individuals we call King and Queen." Surely this was the saying of a dungeon of wit, and I would fain have gone deeper into the matter with him; but just as we were on the edge of something of a very instructive nature, a gang of rankringing enemies of blackguard callants came bawling among us, and I was glad to shove myself off in another direction.

The first place where I again fell in

with other conversible visitants was near to a side-door of Westminster-Hall, where I was greatly chagrined to find two public-houses within the same—what would our Provost think of even one change-house within the entrance of the new Court-houses? and here were two, roaring full of strangers and wayfaring people, within the very bounds and precincts of the Coronation Palace! I there forgathered with a batch of decent-looking folk, moralizing on the scene. Some thought the booths and benches were very handsome; and certainly such of them as were hung with the red durant, and serge and worsted fringes, might deserve a commendation, as they could not but prove to the profit of business; but as for those that were ornamented with paper and paintings, though they might cast a show of greater splendour, they were undoubtedly of a very gaudy nature, and not at

all suitable to the solemn occasion of a Royal Coronation.

When I had, by this itinerancy of the preparations, pacified my curiosity, I returned homeward to the house of Mrs Damask to get a cup of tea, and to consult with her as to what was best to be done about getting admittance to the Hall or the Abbey; for by this time it was growing dark, and there was but the Wednesday between and the day fixed, which made me resolve, as I did upon her advice, to postpone all serious thoughts of business until after the ceremony,—people's heads being turned, and nobody in a state to talk with sobriety on any other matter or thing.

While we were thus conversing, and the tea getting ready, a chaise, with a footman behind it, came to the door, and a knocking ensued with the knocker that was just an alarm to hear,—and who

should this be but that worthy man Doctor Pringle, in his gudeson's, the Captain Sabre's carriage, come to assist me how I could best see the show, "Knowing," said he, "Mr Duffle, that you are a man of letters, and may be inclined to put out a book on the Coronation, I couldna but take a pleasure in helping you forward to particulars. Mrs Pringle herself would have come with me; but this being the first night with her dochter Rachel, who is not so near her time as we expectit, she couldna think of leaving her, so I came by myself to let you know, that we have a mean in our gudeson to get tickets baith to see the Hall and the Abbey, so you may set yourself easy on that head. But, Mr Duffle, there's a great impediment, I doubt, to be overcome; for it's ordered by authority, that gentlemen are to be in Court dresses, and I fear ye'll think that o'er costly, being so far from

your own shop, where you could get the cloth at the first hand; over and above which, the Coronation is so near, that I doubt it is not in the power of nature for any tailor to make the garb in time."

I need not say how well pleased I was with this complimentary attention of Doctor Pringle; and when I told him of Mr Solomon and the old-fashioned clothes, we had a most jocose laugh about the same; and he said, that, as soon as I had taken my tea, we would go together in the Captain's carriage to Mr Solomon's shop, and get a suit of Court clothes for me. As for the Doctor, he stood in no need of such vanity; having brought up his gown and bands with him, in case of being obligated to preach any charity sermons, as he was in his legacy visit to London,—and he was told, that clergymen were to be admitted in their gowns. "Indeed," said the Doctor, "Rachel wrote to

her mother of this when she pressed us to come to see the Coronation, which was the cause of Mrs Pringle putting the gown in the portmanty; for you know, if I preach in another's pulpit, there is never an objection to lend either gown or bands."

The Doctor then went to the window, and, opening the same, said to the coachman, that he might put up his horses for a season at a change-house, and come back in half an hour; but I could discern that the flunkies were draughty fellows, though they seemed to obey him; for when they, at the end of the time, came back with the carriage for us, the horses were reeking hot, and when we stepped in, to go to Mr Solomon's at Charing Cross, the first thing the Doctor laid his hand on was a lady's ridicule, and how it could have come into the carriage was past all comprehension. But the footman took charge of it, and

said he knew the owner, so the Doctor gave it to him; but when I came to reflect at leisure on this, I thought it was very soft of the Doctor to give it up without an examination.

By the time we got to Mr Solomon's shop, it was full of strangers, on the same errand as ourselves, and it was long before we could be served. At last, however, the Doctor and me were persuaded by the man to take a sky-blue silk suit, richly flowered, with an embroidered white satin waistcoat, adorned with glass buttons. I would fain myself have had one of the plain cloth sort, such as I saw the generality of gentlemen preferring, but I was overly persuaded, particularly by the man offering me it for a guinea less than the others were let for. The Doctor, too, in this was partly to blame; for he greatly insisted, that the gayer the apparel, the more proper it was for the occasion,

—although I told him, that a sky-blue silk dress, with great red roses and tulips, and glass buttons, was surely not in any thing like a becoming concordance with the natural douceness of my character. However, persuaded I was; and we brought the dress away,—sword, and cockit-hat, with all the other paraphernalia,—and the Doctor and me had great sport at my lodgings about the spurtle-sword, for we were long of finding out the way to put it on,—for it was very incommodious to me on the left side, as I have been all my days Katy-handed. Indeed, we were obligated to call up both Mrs Damask and the footmen to instruct us; and I thought the fellow would have gone off at the nail with laughing, at seeing and hearing the Doctor's perplexity and mine. However, we came to a right understanding at last; and the Doctor wishing me good-night, went home to

his gudeson's, with a promise to come down to me betimes in the morning.

After he was departed, I began to consider of the borrowed dress, and I was not at all satisfied with myself for the gaiety thereof; I thought also that it must surely be one very much out of fashion, or it would never have been so much pressed upon me at a moderate rate.—But Mrs Damask thought it most handsome; so submitting my own judgment to the opinion of others, I reasoned myself into contentment, and getting a mutchkin of London porter in, and a partan, which to me was dainties, I made a competent supper, and retired to my bed, where I slept as comfortable as could be till past eight o'clock next morning, when I rose and had my breakfast, as I had bargained with Mrs Damask, for the which I was to pay her at the rate of seven shillings per week, a price not out of the way, consi-

dering London and the Coronation time, when, as was understood at Glasgow, every thing was naturally expected to be two prices.

By the time I had got my breakfast, and was in order to adventure forth, Captain Sabre's carriage, with the Doctor and Mrs Pringle, came to the door, to take me out with them to show me the curiosities of London. But before going, Mrs Pringle would see my court dress, which she examined very narrowly, and observed, "It must have cost both pains and placks when it was made, but it's sore worn, and the colour's right faded.—Howsomever, Mr Duffle, it will do vastly well, especially as few ken you."

This observe of Mrs Pringle did not tend to make me the more content with my bargain, but I was no inclined to breed a disturbance by sending back the things, and I could no bear the thought

of a law-plea about hiring clothes to look at the King.

Mrs Pringle having satisfied her curiosity with my garments, we all went into the carriage, and drove to a dress-maker's, where she had dealt before, to get a new gown and mutch for the Coronation. The mantua-maker would fain have persuaded her to have taken a fine glittering gauze, spangled and pedigreed with lace and gum-flowers; but Mrs Pringle is a woman of a considerate character, and was not in a hurry to fix, examining every dress in the room in a most particular manner, that she might, as she told me, be able to give an explanation to Nanny Eydent of the Coronation fashions. She then made her choice of a satin dress, that would serve for other times and occasions, and adhered to it, although the mantua-making lady assured her that satin was not to be worn, but only tissues,

and laces; the mistress, however, made her putt good, and the satin dress was obligated to be sent to her, along with a bonnet, that would require the particularity of a millinder's pen to describe.

When we had settled this matter, we then drove home to Captain Sabre's, to hear about the tickets, where I got one, as being a literary character, to the box set apart for the learned that were to write the history of the banquetting part of the solemnity, and it was agreed that I was to be at the door of admittance by three o'clock in the morning; the Doctor and Mrs Pringle were provided, by the Captain's means, with tickets both for the Hall and Abbey, he himself was to be on guard, and Mrs Sabre, being heavy-footed, and thereby no in a condition to encounter a crowd, was to go with a party of other married ladies, who were all in the like state, to places in the win-

dows of a house that overlooked the platform, so that nothing could be better arranged, not only for me to see myself, but to hear what others saw of the performance in those places where I could not of possibility be.

And here I should narrate, much to the credit of the Londoners, that nothing could exceed the civility with which I was treated in the house of Captain Sabre, not only by himself and the others present; for many ladies and gentlemen, who knew he was to be on guard, and how, through his acquaintance, we had been favoured in tickets, came in to inquire particulars, and to talk about the Coronation, and whether the Queen really intended to claim admittance. In a like company in Glasgow I would have been left at the door, but every one was more attentive to me than another, on understanding I was the Mr Duffle of Black-

wood's Magazine. The Captain insisted on my taking an early family dinner, saying they had changed their hour to accommodate the Doctor, and the Doctor likewise pressed me, so that I could not in decency refuse, having, as I have mentioned, postponed all business till after the Coronation. In short, it is not to be told the kindness and discretion which I met with.

In the afternoon, the Doctor, Mrs Pringle, and me, were sent out again in the carriage to see the preparations and scaffolding, and it was just a miracle to hear the Doctor's wonderment at the same, and the hobbleshaw that was gathering around. As for Mrs Pringle, she was very audible on the waste and extravagance that was visible every where, and said, that although a pomp was befitting the occasion on the King's part, the pom-

posity of the scaffoldings was a crying sin of vanity and dissipation.

When we had satisfied ourselves, and I had pointed out to them the circumstantials which I had gathered the night before, they conveyed me to the house of Mrs Damask, where I had my lodgment, and we bade one another good night; for although it was yet early, we agreed that it would be as well for us to take, if possible, an hour or two's rest, the better to withstand the fatigue and pressure of the next day; and accordingly, when I went up stairs, I told Mrs Damask of that intent, and how I would like, if it could be done, that she would have the kettle boiling by times, for me to have a bite of breakfast by three o'clock in the morning, which she very readily promised to do, having other lodgers besides me that were to be up and out by that time.

Thus have I related at full length, to the best of my recollection, all the preliminary and prefatory proceedings in which I was concerned about the Coronation; the ceremonies and solemnities of which I will now go on to tell, setting down nought that is not of a most strict veracity, having no design to impose upon the understanding of posterity, but only a sincere desire to make them, as well as the living generation, acquaint with the true incidents and character of that great proceeding, the like of which has not been in this country in our time, if it ever was in any other country at any time, to the end and purpose that the scene and acting thereof may have a perpetuity by being in the pages of my writings.

CHAPTER X.

THE CORONATION.

I HAD but an indifferent night's rest; for the anxiety that I suffered, lest I should oversleep myself, prevented me in a great degree from shutting my eyes. So I was up and stirring before "the skreigh o' day;" and I was in a manner out of the body at Mrs Damask, who had not the breakfast ready so soon as I had hoped she would. It was more than a whole quarter of an hour past three o'clock in the morning before I got it and was dressed; and when I was dressed, I durst not almost look at myself in the looking-

glass, with my broidered garments of sky-blue, the sword, and the cockit hat, I was such a figure. Judge, then, what I felt when I thought on going out into the streets, so like a phantasy of Queen Anne's court. Luckily, however, another gentleman in the house, who had likewise got a ticket and dress, was provided with a coach for the occasion, and he politely offered me a seat; so I reached the Hall of Westminster without any inordinate trouble or confusion.

Having been shewn the way to the gallery where I was to sit, I sat in a musing mood seeing the personages coming in, like a kirk filling. A murmuring was heard around, like the sough of rushing waters, and now and then the sound of an audible angry voice. As the dawn brightened, the Hall was lightened, and the broad patches of white, and red, and other colours, that seemed like bales

and webs of cloth in the galleries fornent me, gradually kithed into their proper shape of ladies and gentlemen.

I now took my old Magazine out of my pocket, and began to make comparisons; but for a time I was disturbed by ladies coming into the gallery, and sitting down beside me, talking much, and very highly pleased.

The performance of the day began by sixteen queer-looking men, dressed into the shape of Barons, rehearsing how they were to carry a commodity over the King's head, called a canopy. It was really a sport to see in what manner they endeavoured to march, shouldering the sticks that upheld it, like bairns playing at soldiers. Among this batch of curiosities, there was pointed out to me a man of a slender body; that was the great Mr Brougham, and a proud man, I trow, he was that day, stepping up and down the

Hall, with a high head, and a crouse look, snuffing the wind with a pride and panoply just most extraordinar to behold.

By and bye, the nobles, and counsellors, and great officers, and their attendants, a vast crowd, all in their robes of state,—and a most gorgeous show they made,—came into the Hall, followed by the King himself, who entered with a marvellous fasherie, as I thought it, of formalities, and so he seemed, or I'm mistaken, to think himself; for I could see he was now and then like to lose his temper at the stupidity of some of the attendants. But it's no new thing for kings to be ill served; and our Majesty might by this time, I think, have been used to the misfortune,—considering what sort of men his ministers are.

Shortly after the King had taken his place on the throne, the crown, and the

other utensils of royalty, were brought, with a great palavering of priesthood and heraldry, and placed on the council-table before him; and when he had ordered the distribution thereof, the trumpets began to sound, and the whole procession to move off. His Majesty, when he reached the head of the stairs, was for a time at some doubt as to the manner of descending, till a noble in scarlet came and lent him his arm, for the which his Majesty was very thankful at the bottom. Meanwhile a most idolatrous chaunting and singing was heard, as the procession slided slowly down the Hall, and out at the door, and along the platform to the Abbey. Those who had places for the Abbey as well as the Hall, then hurried out; and, while the King was absent, there was but little order or silence in the company, people talking and moving about.

I now began to weary, and to grudge

at not having got a ticket to the Abbey likewise ; but trusting to Doctor Pringle and the Mistress for an account of what was doing there, it behoved me to be content ; so, with others, I stepped down from where I was sitting, and looked at the preparations for dressing the royal table, which had a world of pains bestowed on it—divers gentlemen measuring with foot-rules the length and the breadth thereof that was to be allowed for the dishes, no jooking the tithe of an inch in the placing of the very saltfits. But there was one thing I could not comprehend ; which was a piece of an old looking-glass, in a green painted frame, with four gilded babies, about the size of a bairn's doll, at the corners, placed flat in the middle. Surely, it was not for the intent to let the King see how he looked with the crown on his brows ; and, if it was not for that purpose, I wonder what it was there for,

—but truly it was a very poor commodity. In the mean time, golden vessels, flagons, and servers, and other dunkled and old-fashioned articles of the like metal, were placed in shelves on each side of the throne for a show, like the pewter plates, dripping-pans, pot lids, and pint stoups in a change-house kitchen. Some thought it very grand; but, for me, I thought of King Hezekiah shewing his treasures to the messengers of Berodach-baladan, the son of Baladan, King of Babylon;—for the foreign ambassadors, whose names are worse to utter than even that of the son of Baladan, and to spell them is past the compass of my power, sat near to this grand bravado of ancient pageantry.

By this time I had got some insight into the art of seeing a Coronation, so that, after satisfying my curiosity with the internals of the Hall, I strayed out

upon the platform, partly to get a mouthful of caller air, and partly to get a drink of porter, for the weather was very warm, and I was very dry, by reason of the same, with the help of a biscuit in my pocket. And while I was about the porter-job in one of the two public-houses before spoken of, a shout got up, that the procession was returning from the Abbey, and I got up and ran to get back to my seat in the Hall; but as the crowd was easy and well bred, before I reached the door I halted, and thought I might as well take a look at the procession, and compare it with our King Crispin's Coronation, which took place on the 12th of November, A. D. 1818; and the order of which I will state herein, with annotations, to the end and intent, that posterity, in reading this book, may have a clear notion of what it was; and the more especially that his Majesty's

ministers,—I mean those of King George IV.,—may have a proper pattern for the next ceremony of the kind—for it was most manifest to me, that the shoemakers' affair was a far finer show than the one that I had come so far afield to see. But this is not to be wondered at, considering how much more experience the craft have; they being in the practice of crowning and processing with King Crispin, according to law, every year; by which they have got a facility of hand for the business, as is seen in their way of doing the same; the form and order whereof follows:—

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION OF KING CRISPIN.

As it moved from the Barrack-Square, Glasgow, on Thursday the 12th of November, 1818, about 12 o'clock.

Herald.

CHAMPION, (1)

Supported by two Aides-de-Camp.

Two Captains.

Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.

Music. (2)

Two Captains.

Then follows part of the Body.

Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.

Music. (3)

Colonel.

Three Lord-Lieutenants.

Twenty-four Ushers.

Two Captains.

Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.

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(1) There was no Champion in the procession of his Sacred Majesty.—Surely it was a great omission to leave him out.

(2) There was no such Band of Music, as at King Crispin's—four fiddlers, three clarionets, with drums and fifes—but only Popish-like priests, and callants in their father's sarks, singing, and no good at it.

(3) Music again. His Sacred Majesty had no such thing.

Music. (4)
Secretary of State.
Privy Councillors.
THE KING,
SUPPORTED BY TWO DUKES,
And protected by four Life-Guards.
Nine Pages, (5)
Protected by four Guards.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music. (6)
Twenty Lords.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music. (7)
LATE KING, (8)
Supported by two Dukes.

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(4) Band of Music the Third—It was the regiment's from the Barracks. What had King George to compare with that?

(5) King George IV. had but six pages—King Crispin had nine, bearing up his train.

(6) Music again. O what scrimping there was of pleasant sounds, compared to our show at Glasgow!

(7) Music again. Think of that, Lord Londonderry, and weep—no wonder you delight in stratagems and spoils—I'll say no more.

(8) I didna approve, at this time, of this show of the

Two Captains.
Six Lieutenants.
A COSSACK. (9)
A party of Caledonians, with two Pipers. (10)
Two Captains.
Twelve Lieutenants.
INDIAN KING,
Supported by two Bashaws. (11)
A Page.
Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Music.
Six Lieutenants.

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late King, being myself a loyal man, and the Radicals then so crouse; for I thought, that the having the King of the past-time in the procession was like giving a hint to the commonality, that it would be a great reform to have Annual Kings as well as Annual Parliaments.

(9) *A Cossack.*—There was, to be sure, a Russian Ambassador; but what's an Ambassador compared to a Cossack?

(10) "A party of Caledonians, with two Pipers."—There was no such thing.

(11) "Indian King, supported by two Bashaws."—O, Lord Londonderry, but ye have made a poor hand o't—what had ye to set beside an Indian King, supported by two Bashaws?

Two Sheriffs.
Macer.
LORD MAYOR,
Supported by two Aldermen.
Ten White Apron Boys. (12)
Two Captains.
BRITISH PRINCE,
Supported by two Aides-de-Camp.
A Page.
Standard-Bearer.
Music.
Lieutenant-Colonel.
THE BODY.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two Lieutenants.
Three Adjutants.

But it's really needless to descend thus into particulars—the very order of King Crispin's Procession is sufficient to put the whole Government to the blush—to say nothing of the difference of cost.

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(12) "Ten White Apron Boys."—For them we must count the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

Indeed, I was truly mortified with the infirmities and defects of the whole affair, and was hurrying away from it when I happened to see Mrs Mashlam with her husband on a booth, and I stoppit to speak to her, but she had seen nothing in the whole concern save only her old friend the Duke of York. "When she saw him going to the Abbey with the lave, she rose up as he passed," said Mr Mashlam, pawkily, "and made him a courtesy, and the tear shot in her e'e."

I thought by the glance she gave the master at this jibe, that he had treaded rather hard on a tender corn, but she smiled, and taking him by the hand, made it all up by saying in a kind manner, in the words of the song, "For auld Robin Gray is aye kind to me." I hadna, however, time to spend with them, but hurrying back to the Hall, I was almost riven to pieces among a crowd of bardy ladies

of quality, that had drawn up with gallants when they were in the Abbey, and brought them with them, and insisted on taking them in whether the door-keepers would or no. It was surprising to hear with what bir and smeddum they stood up to the door-keepers, not a few of them carrying their point with even down flyting, to the black eclipse of all courtly elegance. Among them I beheld, at last, Dr Pringle in his gown and bands, with Mrs Pringle holding by his arm, toiling and winning, by the sweat of their brows, their way towards the door. They were rejoiced to see me, and the moment they got within the door, the Doctor whispered to me with a sore heart, "O, yon is a sad remnant of the beast! Far better it were had a man of God, like Samuel, with a pot of ointment in his hand, gone alone to the king in the secrets of the desert, and anointed and hallowed him with prayer and supplication!"

"This is Babylon !—this is Babylon !" cried Mrs Pringle, gay and loud out at the same time ; "but it was a very fine sight, that must be allowed."

The crowd began now so to press upon us, that I was glad to hasten them in, and to get them up beside me in the gallery, where we were scarcely seated when the whole show, as I had seen it on the outside, but in a more confused manner, came into the Hall ; a stately maiden madam, in a crimson mantle, attended by six misses carrying baskets of flowers, scattering round sweet-smelling herbs, with a most majestical air, leading the van. She was the King's kail-wife, or, as they call her in London, his Majesty's herb-woman ; and soon after there was a great clamour of trumpets and sonorous instruments, proclaiming, as it were, "God save the King !" all the spectators standing, and the very rafters of the hall dirl-

ing in sympathy, for truly it was a wonderful and continuous shout of exultation; and my fine garb of sky blue, and the ladies' dresses, suffered damage by the dust that came showering down from the vibrating imagery and carvings of the roof, as the King's Majesty passed on under his golden canopy of state, and ascended the steps leading to his throne, looking around him, and bowing to every body. Both me and Doctor Pringle, as well as the Mistress, thought he cognised us in a most condescending manner; and here I must say for his Majesty, that he certainly did his part in a more kingly manner than Andrew Gilbert, who performed King Crispin, never forgetting himself, but behaving throughout most stately and gracious, though often most grievously scomphisht with the heat and the crowd; the which was not the case with Andrew, poor fellow, as I saw my-

self from Mrs Micklewraith's windows in the Gallowgate, where in passing, having occasion to blow his nose, instead of applying to the page that carried for him a fine white pocket-napkin, he made use of his fingers for that purpose, which was surely a very comical outbreaking of the natural man from aneath the artificial king.

As I was looking at his sacred Majesty with his crown and robes, I thought of a worthy lady that told me of what she had herself once witnessed, of his father's behaviour in the House of Parliament—" I was there," said Mrs Clinker, " with Mr Clinker and our five dochters, to see the solemnities of the robing-room in the House of Lords ; and there was a great congregation of other ladies, with some gentlemen to keep them in countenance—a most genteel company we were, and all sitting in the greatest com-

posity, waiting, like the ten virgins in the parable, some of us wise and some foolish, but we had no lamps, when the cry arose that the King was coming. Then first came ae lord, and syne another, and then the Duke of York bounced among us with a troubled countenance, walking backwards and forwards like a ramping lion, which made us all sit with quaking hearts, as you may well think; next came the King himsel, honest man, talking to his nobles, and they had all faces of great terror. It was just a prodigy to see what a fear they were in; but his Majesty was never dismayed, keeping up a blithe heart. However, we began among ourselves to dread that surely something was the matter; and by and by it spunkit out that the King had been shot at, with a treasonable gun, that went off without powther. Oh! what I suffered, to know and hear that

we were sitting on a Gunpowder Plot, and that Mr Clinker, with me and my five dochters, might be flying in the air, clapping our hands in despair, like peelings of onions, before we kent whar we were. But the King saw the distress that all the ladies were in, and put on a jocose demeanour, and talked to his lords as they put the robes about his shoulders,—the crown he put himsel on his own head with his own hands, and when he had done so, he turned round to let us all see him, and he really looked like a king as he was, and his tongue never lay."

I'll no take it upon me to say that the behaviour of his present Majesty, in the latter particular, was like his father's, for he is a newer-fashioned man, and hasna yet had such an experience of kingcraft; but if in other and more serious concerns, he can port himself as much to the purpose as the auld King, we can thole with

him, though he shouldna just speak so much to the entertainment of his people.

In the mean time, the Peers and Prelates, and the minuter members of the procession, took their seats at the table; and I could see that the Bishops and Aldermen soon began to make long arms towards the eatables, which me and Doctor Pringle thought a most voracious thing of them, and not well bred towards his sacred and anointed Majesty, who was undergoing such a great fatigue that day for their advantage and renown to all parts of the earth. I likewise observed a Peeress from her seat in the front of the laft opposite to me, speaking vehemently to a fat Lord at the table below. I suppose he was her gudeman, by the freedom of her speech, for she was plainly making a remonstrance to him on her being so neglected; for among all the ladies round her, both right and left,

to a great expanse, there was not a single gentleman, because they were Peeresses, and placed there to sit in state for a help to the show; and then I saw his lordship put some eatable article on a trencher, and it was handed up to pacify her ladyship, and some of her adjacent kimmers.

In this stage of the procedure, during his Majesty's absence, I had leisure for a conversation with the Doctor and the Mistress anent what they had seen in the Abbey, the which I will set down in their own words, my faculty of memory not being of that sort which enables me to give a compendious narration, but, as Mr Sweeties said, by way of encouragement to me to proceed with the enditing of this book—"a great talent in transcribing the personalities of my heroes and heroines."

"Aweel, Doctor," quoth I, "and what did you see, and how were ye entertain-

ed with the anointing?" The Doctor shook his head in a solemn manner, and cogitated some time before he made reply; then he answered and said, "It would not become me, Mr Duffle, to find fault with what the King did in the midst of all his government, as he can do no wrong, and may be, in my presbyterian simplicity and ignorance, I am no of a capacity to judge; but if yon doing was not Popery—the seven-headed, ten-horned Popery, that rampauged o'er the back of common sense so long in this land, the darkness of night is the light of day to my eyes, and we are not sitting here in the earthly bunkers of this grand auld ancient Hall, but are the mere bubbles of a vision of sleep, and all this pomp and garniture around of no more substance than the wrack of vanity that floats in some poor dreaming natural's fantastical imagination. Oh! Mr Duffle, a heavy hand

has been laid on my spirit this forenoon; to see and witness the Protestant King of a Protestant people, crossed and creesh-ed with such abominations of idolatry, and a paternostring of rank and heinous papistry, that ought to have been stoned out of the midst of the Christian congre-gation that was sinning by witnessing the same. I tried to the uttermost of my ability to keep the wonted compo-sure of my mind, and to note in my re-membrance the circumstantialities, but one new head of the beast made its ap-pearance after another, till I quaked with terror. I could scarcely abide to look at that speaking horn the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after all, said no 'great things;' as for the prelate that preached, I think he read every word, although holding forth in the very presence of the King's Majesty, who, oppressed with the burden of his royal robes, endured all as

well as he could. Two or three times I could plainly see, by the help of a pocket spy-glass a lady lent me, that his Majesty was not overly content with some of the doctrines, which gave me a pleasure, although, considering they were but matter of morality, I think he need not have fashed himself about ony such feckless ware of the episcopalian inefficacy, than which nothing can be more innocent in a temporal point of view, although, as you know, and every true believer knows, it is as deadly venom in a spiritual. In short, Mr Duffle, I have no broo of this Coronation. But let the sin of it rest at the doors of them that advised it; as for me and my house, we will fear God, and honour the King. But of one thing I am most thankful, to wit, that the papistry of this doing is an English work, and can bring neither sin nor disgrace upon the Canaan of Scotland, where the Co-

ronation of the Kings was ever a most devout and religious solemnity, as I have specially read in the account of what was done at Scone, on the New-year's day of Anno Domini 1651, at the crowning of King Charles, the second of that name, —a prince who, according to all history, was not one of the soundest Protestants, but who nevertheless conducted himself on that occasion in a most sincere manner, saying to the Lord Chancellor, when that pious man told him, with all due formality, how his good subjects desired he might be crowned as the righteous and lawful heir of the crown and kingdom, 'I do esteem,' said King Charles, 'the affections of my good people more than the crown of many kingdoms, and shall be ready, by God's assistance, to bestow my life in their defence; wishing to live no longer, than I may see religion and this kingdom flou-

rish in happiness,'—the which was as good a speech as King David himself could have made to the Children of Israel, and far better than a profane liturgy out of a book. Then King Charles, having made an end of speaking, was conveyed by his nobles to the Kirk of Scone, which was fittingly prepared for the occasion, and Mr Robert Douglas, a minister of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the General Assembly, preached a most weighty sermon from Second Kings, chap. xi. verses 12 and 17; and, after the blessing, the King renewed the Covenants. First, the National Covenant, then the Solemn League and Covenant were distinctly read; at the close of which the King, kneeling down upon his bended knees, and holding up his right hand, did take upon him, as it were, at the footstool of his Maker, the solemn vows anent the same.

"When this was done, he then ascended a stage in the middle of the kirk, and the Lord Lyon presented him as the King of Scotland to the people; and the people having testified their acceptance of him as such, he again descended from the stage, and, falling on his knees, the great Coronation oath was administered in an awful manner; to the which his Majesty replied, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall observe and keep all that is contained in this oath,—at which there was silence and dread in the kirk, and a sensible manifestation of the devout simplicity of our true and reformed religion.

"Having taken the oath, King Charles was then invested with the types and symbols of royalty; but there was no creeshy Papistry practised there, every thing was done in a spirit of meaning and of understanding, the nobles, one by

one, touching the crown on the King's head, and saying aloud, to the hearing of the people, ' By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to the uttermost;' and then, holding up their right hands towards Heaven, swore to be loyal and true subjects, and faithful to the crown.

" But what ensued was the grandest solemnity of all, and to the which there was no comparison in the wearisome paternostering of this day. When the nobility had sworn their allegiance, the Lord Lyon went forth and declared the obligatory oath to the people; and all present lifting up their right hands, stretched them towards the king, who was seated on his throne on the stage, and cried with one loud and universal voice, ' By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever,

we become your liege-men, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folks whatsoever, in your service, according to the National Covenant, and Solemn League and Covenant.'

"Then the Minister addressed himself with the earnest voice of a servant of the King of Kings and the Lord of Glory, and pointed out to the poor frail human creature that had been thus invested with the ensigns and homages of sovereignty, how he was obligated, as the temporal type and representative of Him to whom all thrones and princedoms do pertain, to ettle, to the utmost of his ability, to do that which would be pleasant in the sight of his heavenly Master, without whose favour he could hope for neither homage nor honour nor prosperity, but only confusion of face and sorrow of heart for ever.

"Far different, ye see, Mr Duffle," continued the worthy Doctor, "was the old simplicity of our Presbyterian Coronation, and deeper the spirit of its symbolic ritual sank into the hearts of the worshipping witnesses. However, as King George is a member of the English Church, I'll no find fault with what has been done to him this day. But I think it was surely a great omission in the ceremonial, that there was no recognition of him by the people, no covenant, on their part, to be to him, in all straits and perils, true and faithful lieges; for it, in a manner, must leave him in doubt whether they are yet with a right sincerity his subjects, the which it is the main business of a Coronation to verify before the world."

When the Doctor had made an end of this edifying account of our Scottish national way of crowning the Kings in

times past, I turned round to Mrs Pringle, who was sitting at my right hand, sucking an oranger, with her satin gown kilted up to save it from the accidental drops of the juice, and inquired at her what was her opinion of the crowning in the Abbey.

"Mr Duffle," said she, "I have got no gude o't; for the Doctor, at every new o'ercome o' the ceremony, panted with an apprehension; and when he saw the 'nointing, I was in a terrification that he would speak loud out, and get us both sent to the Tower of London for high treason. But, Mr Duffle, do ye ken the freet of yon doing wi' the oil on the palms of the hand? It's my opinion that it's an ancient charm to keep the new King in the kingdom; for there is no surer way to make a new cat stay at hame, than to creesh her paws in like manner,—as we had an experience of, after our flitting

from the Manse to Hydrabad-house, as we call our new place, in memory of the Cornal's legacy; for Miss Mally Glencairn made us a present of one of Miss Nanny Pedian's black kittlings, which is a radical sorrow, like Miss Nanny's own hardware self,—thieving baith in pantry and parlour, when it can get in. Howsomever, Mr Duffle, this business must have cost a power of money; and considering the King's great straits, and the debt that he and his ministers owe to the pesents, out of which, I do assure you, we were glad to get our twa three pounds, for they were never twa days the same,—it must be allowed that it is a piece of dreadful extravagance. But the Lord Londonderry, that was the Lord Castlereagh, is surely a genteel man—none more so among all the Lords—and I would fain hope he knows where the money is to be had to pay the expence.

There he is yonder—that's him with the grand cap of white feathers, and the blue velvet cloke, to denote that he's in the King's servitude.—I hope he's no ordained to be one of the auld blue-gowns.—See what a fine band of diamonds he has on his cap. A gentleman told me they were pickit out of the lids of the snuff-boxes that he and his lady got from the Emperor Alexander and the King of France, for putting Boney out of the way, that was sic a potentate to them all. But, Mr Duffle, how is it possible for sic a stack of duds as the King is, to fight in state at the head of his armies, when required, for his crown and kingdom? Howsomever, I spose, as by law now-a-days he is not allowt to go to the wars, the Parliament winks at him. But can ye think, Mr Duffle, that it's possible all the diamonds on the leddies' heads here are precious stones?—The King's crown, I am told, is

sprit new, gotten for the occasion, as the old one was found, on an examine, to hae mony false jewels put in to delude the people, the true ones being purloined in times of trouble. But now that the Coronation's 'played and done,' can you tell me, Mr Duffle, what's the use o't; for I hae been sitting in a consternation, trying to guess the meaning of a' this going out, and up and doon, and changing swords, and helping the King off and on wi his clothes—'first wi' his stockings and syne wi' his shoon,' as the sang of Logan Water sings.—It may be what the Doctor calls a haryglyphical ceremony, but haryglyphical or rabbitifical, I doubt it would take wiser men than Pharoah's or the Babylonian soothsayers to expound it. To be sure it's a fine show, that cannot be denied; but it would have been a more satisfaction to the people, had his Majesty paraded up and down

the streets like your King Crispianus at Glasgow."

While Mrs Pringle was thus discoursing, in her discanting way, in high satisfaction and glee, taking every now and then a suck of her oranger, the Head Lord Chamberlain came with his staff in his hand, arrayed in his robes of crimson-velvet, and wearing his coronet on his head, and ordered the Hall to be cleared, turning out, by his own bodily command, every one that lingered on the floor, more particularly the Earl Marshal's flunkies; for it seems that the Lord Chamberlain, as I read in my old Magazine, is obligated, at a royal Coronation, to have a gaw in the Earl's back, and takes this method to shew his power and supremacy within the bounds of the Hall. But the ceremony was, I could see, not relished by those in the Earl Marshal's livery, for the most part of them, being gentlemen disguised

for the occasion, had hoped, under that masquerading, to have egress and ingress both to Hall and Abbey. However, the disgrace was inflicted in a very genteel manner, by the Lord Gwydir, who performed the part of Lord Chamberlain, throughout the whole ploy, with the greatest ability. Nothing, indeed, of the kind was ever so well done before; for his lordship, unlike his corrupt predecessors, making a profit of the office, did all in his power to render it suitable to the nobility of the three kingdoms, and suppressed the sordid custom of making the royal ancient feast of the King of the realm a pay show, like the wax-work of Solomon in all his glory.

When the Hall was cleared in this manner, a bustle about the throne announced that the King was again coming, so we all stood up, and the trumpets sounding, in came his Majesty, with his

orbs and sceptres, and took his seat again at the table. Then the lower doors were thrown open, and in rode three noble peers on horseback, followed by a retinue of servitors on foot, bearing golden tureens and dishes, which, after some palaver, were placed on the King's table. During this scene, the learned gentlemen of the daily press, above and behind me, were busily writing, which Dr Pringle observing, inquired what they were doing; and when I explained it to him, as I had been told, he noted that the ambassadors of the allied powers were placed over against them, and said, that the thing put him in mind of Belshazzar's feast, the newspaper reporters being to them as the hand-writing on the wall. "MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN," said the Doctor, in so solemn a manner, that I wished the ambassadors could have heard it, as it might have been to them for a warning

to their masters; no doubt, however, they were dismayed enough to see the liberty of the press so far ben, and for the first time, too, in a station of recognised honour at a Coronation.

When the golden dishes were set before the King, they stood sometime untouched, for his Majesty would not permit them to be uncovered, till one of the ministers was got to say the grace. Then the lids were taken off, when, lo and behold! as Mrs Pringle judiciously observed, they contained but commonalties; and surely, as she said, there ought to have been, at least, one pie of singing blackbirds, on such a great occasion. However, the King tasted but little of them; it was therefore supposed that he had got a refreshment behind the scenes. But we know not the truth of this suppose; and, at the time, I could not but compassionate his Majesty in being obli-

gated to eat before such a multitude. It would have spoiled my dinner, and the thought of such discomfort made Doctor Pringle, as he told me himself, pray inwardly that the Lord might never make him a king; a very needless prayer, in my opinion, considering the reverend Doctor's great simplicity of parts and talents in the way of policy.

At this time, I discerned a very clever and genteel manner of acting on the part of the Lord Londonderry, who was one of the grandest sights in the show. In marching up the Hall with the rest, he took his stance on the platform whereon the throne was placed, and in the wonderment of the time forgot to take off his cap of feathers, although then before the presence of the King's Majesty. Some friend at his Lordship's elbow observing this, gave him a jog, to put him in mind that it might be thought ill breeding.

Any common body like me would have been sorely put out at committing such an oversight; but his Lordship, with great ready wit, shewing what a pawky diplomatic he is, instead of taking off his cap on the spot, feigned to have some turn to do on the other side of the platform; so he walked past in front of the King, and making his Majesty as beautiful a bow as any gentleman could well do, took off his cap, and held it, for the remainder of the time, in his hand.

The first part of the banquet being ended, the sound of an encouraging trumpet was heard—and in came the Champion on horseback, in the warlike apparel of polished armour, having on his right hand the Duke of Wellington, and on his left the Deputy of the Earl Marshal. But it does not accord with the humility of my private pen to expatiate on such high concerns of chivalry; and I was be-

sides just torment the whole time by Mrs Pringle, speering the meaning of every thing, and demonstrating her surprise, that the Duke of Wellington could submit to act such a play-actor's part. Really it's a great vexation to have to do with either men or women of such unicorn minds as Mrs Pringle, where there is any thing of a complexity of sense, as there is in that type and image of the old contentious times of the monarchy, shewn forth in the resurrection of a champion in a coat-of-mail, challenging to single combat.

In this conjuncture of the ploy, we were put to a dreadful amazement, by a lady of an Irish stock, as I heard, taking it into her head to be most awfully terrified at the sight of a Highland gentleman in his kilt, and holding his pistol in his hand. The gentleman was Glengarry, than whom, as is well known, there is not,

now-a-days, a chieftain of a more truly Highland spirit; indeed it may be almost said of him, as I have read in a book, it was said of one Brutus, the ancient Roman, that he is one of the last of the chieftains, none caring more for the hardy mountain race, or encouraging, by his example, the love of the hill and heather. Well, what does the terrified madam do, but set up a plastic to disarm Glengary, thinking that he was going to shoot the King, and put to death all the blood-royal of the Guelf family, making a clean job o't for the bringing in of the Stuarts again. Then she called to her a Knight of the Bath, and a young man of slender nature, one of the servitors, and bade them arrest Glengarry. It was well for them all that the Macdonell knew something of courts, and the dues of pedigree, and bridled himself at this hobbleshow; but it was just a picture, and a contrast to be

held in remembrance, to see the proud and bold son of the mountain—the noble that a King cannot make, for it's past the monarch's power to bestow the honour of a chieftainship, even on the Duke of Wellington, as all true Highlanders well know;—I say, it was a show to see him, thelion of the rock, submitting himself calmly as a lamb to those "silken sons of little men," and the whole tot of the treason proving but a lady's hysteric.*

* The particulars of this ludicrous affair are excellently described in a letter from Colonel Macdonell hismelf, published in answer to a paragraph in that sagacious newspaper, "*The Times,*" entitled "A Mysterious Circumstance." When the "mysterious circumstance" was first read in Edinburgh, it was at once known that it could only apply to Glengarry; but a Highlander thought otherwise from the pistol not being loaded, saying, "By Gote, it couldna be Glengarry, for she's aye loaded." We subjoin the letter.

"SIR—The alarm expressed by a lady on seeing me in Westminster Hall on the day of his Majesty's

After the champion and his companions had made their "exeunt omnes," as it is written in the Latin tongue, in the play-

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Coronation, and the publicity which her Ladyship judged it becoming to give to that expression of her alarm by means of your paper, I should have treated with the indifference due to such mock heroics in one of the fair sex, but that it has been copied into other papers, with comments and additions which seemed to me to reflect both upon my conduct and the Highland character. I trust, therefore, to your sense of justice, for giving to the public the real history of the 'mysterious circumstance,' as it is termed. I had the honour of a Royal Duke's ticket for my daughter and myself to see his Majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland Chief, including of course a brace of pistols. I had travelled about 600 miles for that purpose; and in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honour to kiss my Sovereign's hand, at the levee of Wednesday last, the 25th inst. Finding one of our seats in the Hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery, (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments,) I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows farther back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen, by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horse-

books, there was another coming forth of the high Lords on horseback, followed by their retinue of poor Gentlemen, that have

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men entered, whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his Majesty and the Royal Dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast pistol in that hand pointing towards the seat floor on which I stood, when the Champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in any thing but 'seemingly as if going to present it:' in fact, I had taken it into my hand, in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then, from four o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady within a short distance exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' to which I answered, 'The pistol will do you no harm, madam; but a second time she cried out, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would 'instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness;' and I was accordingly preparing to do so, when accosted by a young knight-errant, and closely followed by two others, likewise in plain clothes, one of whom, the first that began to mob me, (for it merits no other term,) laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped, under a loose

pensions, carrying up the gold dishes for his Majesty's table, in a most humiliated manner, bowing their heads three times,

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glove, in my right hand; and, observing the numbers increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland Chieftain, I refused his demand with contempt? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suite, but was equally unsuccessful; a Knight of the Grand Cross was then introduced, with all due honours, by the name of Sir Charles, into this petty contention, and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman; which I flatly refused, but added, that understanding him by his dress, &c. to be a Knight of the Grand Cross, he might have it, if he chose, with all its responsibility; for, as I had already said, 'it was not loaded, and pistols were a part of my national garb in full dress.'

"Again Sir Charles desired me to 'give it that gentleman;' but my answer was, 'No, Sir Charles. You, as a soldier, may have it, as the honour of an officer, and a man of family, will be safe in your hands; but positively no other shall, so take it, or leave it, as you please.' Soon after the Knight Grand Cross had come up, I perceived the gentleman in the scarlet frock, (who appeared to be sent by Lady A——y,) but his conduct was not prominently offensive in this affair. Sir Charles, after the conversation above re-

and coming away backward; and when the King had eaten of the dishes, there was a great shew of royalty and regality

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ferred to, took possession of that pistol, the other being always worn by me in its place; and the Knight Grand Cross having first declined my turning up the pan to shew that there was no powder in it, I told him I had a daughter under my protection in the Hall, and consequently proceeded in that direction, on his signifying a wish that I should retire, adding, 'I have worn this dress at several Continental Courts, and it never was insulted before.' I begged the favour of his card, (which he had not upon him,) at the same time gave him my name, and the hotel where I lodged, expressing an expectation to see him. Sir Charles at this time begged I would move forward, and I begged of him to proceed in that direction, and that I would follow; this he did a short way, and then halting, requested I would walk first. I said, 'I had no objections, if he followed.' However, he and the Squire remained a little behind, probably to examine the pistol I had lent Sir Charles, which the latter shortly came up with and restored. Soon after I was seated, I missed my glove, and returned in search of it to the close vicinity of Lady A., when her gallant Squire pledged himself to fetch it to me, if I retired to my seat, and he soon after redeemed his pledge. Mean time, Sir Charles must recollect that I spoke again

performed by divers dukes and lords of manors; among others, I was pleased to see his Grace of Argyle performing the

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to him, on my way back, and that I then mentioned to him the name of a near connexion of mine, well known in command of the Coldstream Guards. As neither of these gentlemen have called on me since, I presume they are satisfied that the blunder was not upon my side, and that my conduct would bear itself through. The conclusion of the day went off very pleasantly, and when satiated therewith, my daughter and I drove off amidst many marks of civility and condescension even from strangers, as well as from our own countrymen and acquaintances in the highest rank.

"This, Sir, is the whole history of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highland courtier's dress, as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German; and those used by me on such occasions are as unstained with powder as any courtier's sword with blood. It is only the grossest ignorance of the Highland character and costume which could imagine that the assassin lurked under their bold and manly form.

"With respect to the wild fantasy that haunted Lady A.'s brain, of danger to his Majesty, I may be permitted to say, that George the Fourth has not in his dominions more faithful subjects than the High-

ancient part of his Scottish progenitors, and getting a golden cup for his pains.

I think it was in this crisis of the entertainment, that Mrs Pringle pointed out to me, sitting by the head of the Peers' table, an elderly man, with a most comical wig, and having a coronet over it on his head, just a sport to see. Both the mistress and me wondered exceedingly what he could be, and when we heard him propose to drink the King's health, with one-and-eighty hurras, we

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landers; and that not an individual witnessed his Majesty's Coronation, who would more cheerfully and ardently shed his heart's blood for him, than

"Your humble servant,

"Not 'Macnaughton,' but

"ARD-FLATH SIOL-CHUINN

"MAC-MHIC-ALASTAIR.

"Which may be Anglified

"Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell

"of Glengarry and Clanronald.

"GORDON'S HOTEL,
"Albemarle Street, July 29."

concluded he could be no other than the King's George Buchanan on this occasion; and what confirmed us in this notion, was his soon after going up as one privileged, and saying something very funny to his Majesty, at which we could see his Majesty smiled like a diverted person. Over and above this, he took great liberties with his Royal Highness the Duke Clarence, at the King's left hand, shaking hands with him in a joke-fellow-like manner, and poking and kittling him in the ribs with his fore-finger, which was a familiarity that no man in his right mind at the time would have ventured to practise at the royal table, and before the representatives of all the monarchies of Europe, as was there assembled looking on. But when I pointed him out to the Doctor, the Doctor was terrified at our ignorance, and told us that it was the Lord Chancellor. I could not, however,

believe this, as it is well known the Lord Chancellor is a most venerable character, and knows better how to behave himself with a gravity, when within the light and beam of the royal eye.

But the best part of the ploy was after his Majesty had retired, for, when he departed, every one, according to immemorial privilege, ran to plunder the table, and the Doctor and me and Mrs Pringle, made what haste we could to join the hobbleshow below, in order to get a share of the spoil. The Doctor, at the first attempt, got a golden cup, as he thought, but, och hon! honest man! on an examine, it proved to be only timber gilt; as for me, I was content with a piece of a most excellent bacon ham, and a cordial glass or two of claret wine, and a bit seed-cake, having fasted for so long a period. Mrs Pringle would fain have had a rug at the royal napery on the King's table,

but it was nailed fast. She, however, seized a gilded image of a lady, like what is on the bawbees, with a lion by her side, and not a little jocose the Mistress was with it, for it was almost as big as a bairn, wondering and marvelling how she would get it carried home. But, as the Doctor observed on the occasion, most uncertain are all earthly possessions.—Mrs Pringle happened just for a moment to turn her back on her idol, to take a glass of wine with me, when a bold duchess-looking lady laid hands on the darling Dagon, and carried it away to another part of the table, where she sat down triumphing among judges and other great personages, and expatiated over her prize. Poor Mrs Pringle was confounded, and turned up the white of her eyes like a dying doo, with disappointment, and had not the courage to demand back her property, being smitten with a sense, as she after-

wards said, of not having come very honestly by it; so the lady carried off the the image, as her prize, to her chariot, and a proud woman I trow she was, demonstrating over its beauties to all her acquaintance, as she bore it along in her arms, and on her own great good luck in getting it.

As we were thus employed, Mrs Pringle gave me a nodge on the elbow, and bade me look at an elderly man, about fifty, with a fair grey head, and something of the appearance of a gausey good-humoured country laird.—" Look at that gentleman," said she.—" Wha is't?" quo' I.—" That's the Author of Waverley," was her answer; " a most comical novel, that the Doctor read, and thought was a true history book."

Seeing myself so nigh to that great literary character, and understanding that there was some acquaintance between him

and my friends, I sideled gradually up towards him, till he saw the mistress and the Doctor, with whom he began to talk in a very conversible manner, saying couthy and kind things, complimenting the Doctor on his talents as a preacher, and sympathizing with Mrs Pringle, whose new gown had suffered great detriment, by reason of the stour and the spiders' webs that had fallen down, as I have rehearsed, from the rafters.

By this time some familiar interchange of the eye had taken place between him and me; and when he understood that my name was Duffle, and that I corresponded in a secret manner with Mr Blackwood, the bookseller in Edinburgh, he said that he had been just like to die at some of my writings, which I was very well pleased to hear; and then I speered at him if he was really and truly the author of Waverley. "Mr Duffle," said

he, "I just hae as little to say to the book as you hae."—To the which I replied, "that if a' tales be true, that could be nae lie."—"But we ken," cried Mrs Pringle, "that ye are the author, though ye may have reasons, in black and white, o your ain, for the concealment."—"Na," quoth the Doctor, "that's, I must say, a hame push; but, no doubt, when a decent man denies a charge o' the kind, it ought to be believed." In this easy manner we stood conversing for a season, and then we sat down on the steps leading up to the King's throne, and had some jocose talk anent what we had seen, and other sights and shows of regal pageantry, the which, by little and little, led us on to speak of past times, and the doings of Kings and Queens, who have long departed this life, till at last we entered upon the connexion and pedigree of his Majesty, with the old tyrannical House

of Stuart; my new acquaintance, however, did not much relish the observe that I made concerning the prelatic nature of the princes of that line.

After this sederunt we rose, and the disappointment of the golden image was not the only dejection that Mrs Pringle was ordained to meet with that night.—Both the Doctor and her had forgotten to make proper regulations about Captain Sabre's carriage, which was to take them home; so that, after waiting till the Hall was almost skailed, and many of the lights out, we three, in all our finery, were obligated to walk out into the streets, and no hackney was to be seen or heard of. What with the gravel hurting her feet, and the ruin it was of to her satin shoes, Mrs Pringle was at the greeting; and some drops of rain beginning to fall, her new gown was in the very jaws of jeopardy. But she is a managing woman,

and not often at a loss;—seeing the Doctor and me standing overcome with perplexity, and in a manner demented, she happened to observe a gentleman's carriage at a door, and, without more ado, she begged the servant to ask their master to allow them to take her home, which he very readily did, and thus extricated us all from a most unspeakable distress; for both the Doctor and me got into the chaise beside her, and arrived safe at Captain Sabre's, where there was a great assemblage of friends, and a wonderful speer and talk about what we had all seen that day at the Coronation.

When we had rested ourselves a short space of time, and taken some refreshment, the Doctor and me (he having put off his gown and bands,) went out by ourselves on our feet, it being no length of a walk from Baker Street to Hyde-Park, to see the fire-works, things which the

Doctor had never seen, but which were no unco to me, as we have had sic-like at Glasgow, from riders and equestrian troops. But this, at that time of night, was not a very judicious adventure, considering that I was in my sky-blue court-dress, with a cockit-hat and a sword; for it brought the voices of the commonality. I, however, could have put up with them, but just as we got into the crowd, there was a great flight of sky-rockets, with a fearful rushing noise, which so terrified Doctor Pringle, that he thought it was a fiery judgment breaking out of the heavens upon London, for the idolatries of the day—and uttered such a cry of fright, that every body around us roared and shouted with laughter and derision; insomuch, that we were glad to make the best of our way homeward. But our troubles did not then end. Before we were well out of the Park, an even-down

thunder-plump came on, that not only drookit the Doctor to the skin, but made my sky-blue silk clothes cling like wax to my skin; and, in the race from the rain, the sword gaed in between my legs, and coupit me o'er in the glaur of the causey with such vehemence, that I thought my very een were dinted out; the knees of my silk breeks were riven in the fall. Some civil folk that saw my misfortune, helped me in with the Doctor to an entry mouth, till a hackney could be got to take me home. In short, the sufferings I met with are not to be related, and I had an experience of what it is to be stravaiguing after ferlies at the dead hour of the night; for when I reached Mrs Damask's house, she was gone to bed, and nobody to let me in, dripping wet as I was, but an ashypet lassie that helps her for a servant. No such neglect would have happened with Mrs M'Lecket in

the Saltmarket. She would have been up to see to me herself, and have had the kettle boiling, that I might get a tumbler of warm toddy after my fatigues. But I was needcessitated to speel into my bed as well as I could, shivering with the dread of having got my death of cold, or of being laid up as a betheral for life, with the rheumatics.

CHAPTER XI.

On the morning after the Coronation, I found myself in a very disjaskit state, being both sore in lith and limb, and worn out in my mind with the great fatigue I had undergone, together with a waff of cold that had come upon me, no doubt caused by that disaster of the thunder plump that drookit me to the skin, as I have rehearsed at length in the foregoing chapter. I was thereby constrained to keep my lodgings for a day; and Mrs Damask was wonderful attentive, and sparing in no pains to get me pleased and comfortable. However, by and by, I came to my ordinar, and then I went

about to see the sights, being, in the meantime, much solaced with occasional visitations from that most worthy divine, Doctor Pringle. He was indeed to me a friend among strangers, in that foreign land of London, and took a pleasure in letting me know, from his past experience, what was most becoming of notice and observation.

The first place of note that I went to see, was the Gardens of Vauxhall; and I had for my companion, Mr Ettle, a Greenock gentleman, that I had dined with in the house of Mr Tartan, my friend and correspondent in that town. He was a busy man, seeing all sort of things. I trow no grass grew beneath his feet on the plainstanes of London; for he considered it his duty, having come to visit the metropolis as a party of pleasure, to spare no trouble in compassing the ends of his journey.

CHAPTER XI.

Going with Mr Ettle to the masquerade at Vauxhall, ilk in a domino, which is just like a minister's gown, and with black false faces on, when we were paying our money at the door for admittance, we saw before us a little, fat, and round lady, and a gentleman in the same guise and garb as ourselves; and following them in, the lady, when she beheld the lamps and bowers and arbours, cried out, with a shrill voice of admiration, "Eh, Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street! Sawney Sowans, what's tat? was ever sic a sight seen!" By the which ejaculation, we discerned that this was a Paisley woman, and Mr Ettle said he knew them well, they being no other than Mr and Mrs Sowans from that town.—"We'll get some fun out of them, so keep close at their heels," said he.

With that we walked behind them, listening to their discourse, and to every

"Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street," with which the mistress testified her wonderment at the ferlies of the place. "I'm confoundit, Sawney Sowans, at the lights and lamps. Eh! Gordon's Loan, Prussia Street! luk up, luk up, can yon be booits too?" and she pointed to the starns in the firmament with a jocosity that was just a kittling to hear.

By and by, after parading from one part of the Gardens to another, harkening to the music here, and looking to ladies and gentlemen dancing there, we entered into a most miraculous round room, with divers other halls and places, as if built up by a Geni, and stood before a batch of foreign musicants, that were piping on the Pan's pipe, nodding their heads in a most methodical manner, and beating drums and triangles at the same time. Mr and Mrs Sowans were just transported to see this, and the gudeman

said to her, as he turned to go away,—"It's all in my eye."—"What's a' in your eye?" quo' she.—"It's just clockwork," said he; at which she gave a skirl of pleasure, and cried, "Na, na, gudeman, ye're glammer'd there, for they're living images of human creatures like oursels."

The crowd had now assembled in great numbers. In going out of one room into another the mistress was divided from cleeking with her husband, and Mr Ettle seeing this, pushed in and kittled her under the oxter—"O Sawney Sowans o' Paisley, whar ar ye? Come here, come here, for a man's meddling wi' me." The which shout of terrification caused a loud uproar of laughter, that was just a sport to enjoy. But after it, Mr Ettle made himself known as a friend, for Mrs Sowans was sincerely frightened, and it behoved him to pacify her, by telling that what he had done was but a masquerad-

ing for diversion. Some exchange of discourse anent London and the crowning of the King then ensued, and Mr and Mrs Sowans telling where they bided, invited both me and Mr Ettle to come and see them in their lodgings, the mistress saying in her couthy way to me, "I hope, Mr Duffle, ye'll no neglec to gie me a ca' before ye lea the toon;" which I promised with meikle good will, for Mrs Sowans is in the main a decent woman, and no given to hide her pedigree, as was shewn by her to the minister of the parish when the maister biggit his new house. "I can sit at the window," said Mrs Sowans, "and see sax houses where I was in servitude, and no ane o' them a' half so good or so bein as my ain."

When we had paraded, as I have said, for a season, we then went into an alcove and had a small bowl of punch; and here I must notice an uncivil thing on the part

of Mr Ettle, for when I was sitting resting myself, he slipped away out and left me my leaful lane. Where he went, and whom he forgathered with, he kens best himsel, for I never saw hilt or hair of him more that night. So I began to grow eerie at being solitary in an unkent multitude, and coming to the yett of the Gardens, hired a hackney that took me home to Mrs Damask's in perfect safety, by half an hour past eleven o'clock. The mistress marvelled at seeing me so soon from Vauxhall, and thought I had surely met with some great misfortune, either in purse or person, and could not divine how it was possible that I could be uneasy at Vauxhall.

The night following I went to hear the music in the Opera—a most surprising playhouse, and I sat down beside Mr Ettle, whom I saw in the pit. I had not, however, been long there, when a most

beautiful and fine lady came and clinkit herself to my side, saying, "Eh! save's, Mr Duffle, what's brought you frae the Sautmarket to London? and how's Mrs M'Lecket?"—I was, as may well be supposed, in a consternation at this cordiality from a personage that was a match for a countess, and looked for a space of time in amazement.—"Do ye no ken me," cried the madam, "I'm Jenny Swinton, that was wee lass to your neighbour Mr Sweeties."—And sure enough it was the same glaikit girlie. She had a misfortune, that she gied the wyte o' to some o' our neer-do-weel gentlemen; but after this she fell into an open course of immorality, till she made Glasgow o'er het to hold her. Then she went into Edinburgh; and syne, having gathered some lady-like cleeding, she spoused her fortune, and set out to try her luck in London, where, as I could learn, she was well

treated as an innocent country maiden, both by lords and gentlemen of high degrees. To do the poor creature justice, however, I am bound to say she was very glad to see me, and requested me very warmly to come to her house in London Street, and take my tea with her. And Doctor Pringle, to whom I mentioned the adventure next day, advised me to go, and offered himself to accompany me, in the hope, that, by our exhortations, Jenny might be persuaded to eschew the error of her way. But I had a notion that the invitation was all a trick of Mr Ettle's, to draw me into a situation with this strange woman; for they seemed to be very thick thegither, though he pretended that he didna ken her.

The more I saw of the great Tarshish, my spirit was filled with wonder, and borne onward with a longing for new things. Finding it was not convenient

to go home for my dinner, when I was in a distant part of the town, I dropped into the nearest coffee-house, when I felt an inclination to eat,—and by this means I sometimes forgathered with strange persons, deeply read in the mysteries of man.

THE EFFIGIES.

Among others, I one day, when I felt the wonted two o'clock pinkling in my belly, stepped into an eating-house, to get a check of something, and sat down at a table in a box where an elderly man, of a salt-water complexion, was sitting. Having told the lad that was the waiter what I wanted, I entered into discourse with the hard-favoured stranger. His responses to me were at first very short, and it seemed as if he had made up his mind to stint the freedom of conversation. But there was a quickened intelligence in his eye, which manifested that his mind neither slumbered nor slept. I told him that I was come on purpose

to inspect the uncos in London, and how content I was with all I saw; and my continued marvel at the great apparition of wealth that seemed to abound everywhere. "I think," said I, "that its only in London a man can see the happiness of the British nation."—"And the misery," was his reply. This caustical observe led to further descant anent both sides of the question, until he opened up, and shewed that his reserve was but a resolution—not habitual, nor from the custom of his nature. "The least interesting things about this town," said he, "to a man who looks deeper than the outside of the packing-case of society, are the buildings,—the wealth,—and the appearance of the people. The pre-eminence of London consists in the possession of a race of beings that I call the Effigies. They resemble man in action and external bearing; but they have neither passions, appetites, nor affections;—without reason, imagination, or heart, they do all things that men do, but they move onward to the grave, and are covered up in the parent and congenial clay with as little regret by those who knew them best, as you feel for the fate of that haddock you are now about to eat."

"And what are thae things?" was my diffident answer. "Why," says he, "they are for the most part foundlings of fortune,—beings without relations; adventurers, who at an early period of life, perhaps begged their way to London, and raised themselves, not by talent or skill, but by a curious kind of alchemy, into great riches. I have known several. They are commonly bachelors,—bachelors in the heart. They live in a snug way,—have some crony that dines with them on Sunday, and who knows as little of their affairs as of their history. The friendship of such friends usually commences in the Hampstead or Hackney stage coaches, and the one is commonly a pawnbroker, and the other a banker. The professions of such friendshipless friends are ever intrinsically the same,—nor can I see any difference between the man who lends money on bills and bonds, and him who does the same thing on the widow's wedding-ring, or the clothes of her orphans. They both grow rich by the expedients of the necessitous or the unfortunate. They make their money by habit, without motive, and they bequeath it to some charity or public character, merely because they are by the force of custom required to make

a will. I am a traveller, I know something of all the principal cities of Europe, but in no other has the Effigian species any existence. Their element consists of the necessities of a commercial community, which embraces all the other vicissitudes to which mankind are ordinarily liable.

One of the most decided, the purest blood of the Effigies, was the late old Joe Brianson. Whether he begged or worked his way to London is disputed; but he commenced his career as a porter. —No one ever heard him mention the name of any of his kin; perhaps he had some good reason for the concealment.—The first week he saved a crown, which he lent to a brother bearer of burdens who was in need, on condition of receiving six shillings on the Saturday following.—In the course of the third week after his arrival, he was worth one pound sterling;—and he died at the age of seventy-eight, leaving exactly a million, not taking out of the world one idea more than he brought into London fifty-six years before;—and yet the history of Joe would be infinitely more interesting and important than that of all the men of fame and genius that ever existed. For although he was, in the truest sense of the times, a usurious

hunckS, he was never drawn into one transaction against the statutes.—I knew him well in my younger years, for I had often occasion to apply to him. I was constituted somewhat differently, and without being so good a member of society, I do not say much for myself when I affirm that I was a better man. Joe was most faithful to his word—his promise was a bond; but, like a bond, it always contained a penalty. "If this bill," he used to say, "is not pointedly taken up, I promise you it will be heard of;" and when it was not taken up, it was heard of, and that too with a vengeance. He never gave a groat in charity, because he never had one to give. He lived all his days as literally from hand to mouth as when he entered London without a penny. If you wanted a bill discounted, he never did it off-hand. He had all his own cash previously put out at usury, and was obliged to apply to his bankers. They got at the rate of five per cent per annum. Joe agreed to sell some article of merchandize to his customer,—and the price he put on it left him not less in general than five per cent per month, upon the principal of the bill discounted. But the wealth he thus gathered, might almost be

said to have been unblest, for it brought him no new enjoyment. At the age of three score, and possessed of half a million, he was taken ill with vexation in consequence of a clerk dying insolvent, who had been in his service three and twenty years, and to whom he had discounted a bill for twenty pounds in anticipation of his salary; the poor man being at the time under the necessity of submitting to an operation for the stone.

Joe married when he was about fifty. His wife was the daughter of a man with whom he had formed an acquaintance in the Islington stage-coach. She was beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by a handsome young butcher; but educated at a fashionable boarding-school, the butcher's trade was unsavoury to her imagination. Her own father was a night-man—a dealer in dung-hills. There is some difference between a banker and a butcher; and old sordid Joe was on that account preferred to the young butcher by the nightman's daughter. They begat a son and a daughter. The former, at the age of twenty-two, was elected into Parliament by his father's purse. The latter, at the age of nineteen, was married by the same potentiality to an Earl. Joe died—his

son and daughter put their servants into mourning when he ceased to discount; and in less than three months after gave them new liveries, in honour of their mother's second marriage.

There are no such beings as these in any other capital of Europe, and yet they are common in London. Father, mother, son, and daughter, belong to a peculiar species, and it would be a libel on human nature to rank them with the race of man."

Here I could not refrain from saying to the strange man, having by this time well finished my dinner, that I thought he had a sour heart towards the sons and daughters of success and prosperity. "No," says he, "you misunderstand me. I was only speaking of the Effigies, a species of the same genus as man, but widely different in the generalities of their nature."

I could not say that this story left any satisfaction with me, which the rehearser observing, said, "But the Effigies are perhaps not so remarkable as another class,

of a very opposite description.—I do not well know by what epithet to distinguish them; but if you will join me in a bottle of wine, I will give you some account of one of them; and the tale may be called 'The Broken Heart.'" This was a very agreeable proposal to me, who had no other end in view at the time but my own recreation; so we ordered in one of the landlord's old bottles;—during the drinking of which my companion proceeded to the following effect:—

THE BROKEN HEART.

There are but two kinds of adventurers who succeed in London;—those who, like Joe Brianson, come to it pennyless, with industrious propensities, and those who have friends of power and influence. Young men, brought up as gentlemen in the country, rarely prosper in London; and it is of one of these I would now speak. The person I allude to was the son of a clergyman. He

was known among his companions by the nick-name of Buskin; and his unhappy fate makes me remember him by no other.

He was one of a large family.—His father, however, had a good living, but it was unfortunately in a genteel neighbourhood, and the sons and daughters in consequence acquired notions of elegance inconsistent with their fortune. While the old man lived, this produced no evil. At his death, the whole family was plunged into poverty. By that time, however, Buskin, who had come to London as a clerk, was settled in a business, which, while there was no other drain on it than his own expences, was adequate, it appeared, to all his wants, notwithstanding his extra-gentility.—But, from the time he was necessitated to contribute to the support of his brothers and sisters, his efforts were unavailing to make it sufficiently productive; and a change was soon perceptible in his appearance. Previously he had been rather a sedate character—something given to reflection and sentiment. He wrote poetry, and played on the flute. But soon after the arrival of his friends in town, he became remarkably gay—foreswore, it would seem, the Muses—and entered with something of

an inordinate keenness into every species of cheerful amusement. He was praised for this. It was thought he had the interests of his sisters in view, —and courted society, to give the gentlemen of his acquaintance an opportunity of knowing their worth and beauty; for they were lovely, amiable, and accomplished to an uncommon degree. This, however, was but the first stage of the mortal malady with which poor Buskin was seized.

The symptoms of gaiety and good humour continued about a year, when others began to appear. In his dress and manners, the patient still seemed the same individual, but his temper became sharp and irritable. He was satisfied with nothing; the sun itself never shone properly; when he went into the fields, the west wind had lost its genial freshness, and the blossoms that garlanded the boughs in spring, seemed to him tawdry. The song of the lark was harsh in his ears; and he was heard often to repine at the lot of the day-labourer, whose anxieties terminated with the hours of his task, and who had none beyond the daily period of his toil.

At first this attracted no particular notice, or when it was noticed it only seemed to provoke the

banter of his friends; but the misanthropic humour continued to grow, and at last it began to be surmised that his affairs were not thriving. I never obtrude my advice; but one day, when he was unusually petulant, I could not refrain from remarking to him the alteration I have mentioned, and to express my fears.

"You are right," replied he, "in some respects; my affairs are, indeed, not thriving, or rather they are not adequate to supply the demands of duty and affection. In other respects I have no reason to complain."—"Then why don't you abridge your expence? you do not want resolution on other occasions—why would you go with your eyes open over the precipice?"—"I do not like," said he, "to lose the footing I possess in society; and I hope that something may come round to help me."

There was an accent of sorrow in the use of that word *help*, that rung upon my heart. I could say no more; I had it not in my power to assist the unfortunate man; I could only pity, and mark the progress of his consuming anguish, as one friend contemplates another dying of a consumption.

But the period of irritation and bitterness also

passed, and was succeeded by another more deplorable. He became again singularly animated —his whole mind seemed to be endowed with preternatural energy. In amusement and in business, he was equally inexhaustible; all with whom he took a part in either, admired his vigour, and complained of that amazing activity which left their utmost exertions and efforts so far behind. I was awed and alarmed; I looked at him with astonishment. His voice, in conversation, when any thing like argument was started, became irresistibly eloquent. There was a haste in the movements of his mind, as if some great countervailing weight had been taken away. One evening, in returning with him from a party where this had been remarkably the case, I said to him familiarly, " Buskin, what the devil's the matter with you? you seem as if your thoughts were in a hurry."—" They are so," he replied, " and they have cause, for they are haunted by a fiend."

I was horror-struck; but what could I say? I attempted to remonstrate, but he shut my mouth. " It is now too late to reason with me—the struggle will soon be over. I feel that I am left to myself; that the protection of Providence is with-

drawn, and hope is extinguished. Wherever I move, I am, as it were, in a magical circle. I never come any more into contact with humanity. I am excommunicated."

Although I was grieved and terrified by this rhapsody, I yet thought it advisable to ridicule it —when, in a moment, he struck me violently in the face. My blood was ever inflammable at the slightest insult, but this blow smote my heart with indescribable pain, and so far from feeling any thing like resentment at the insult, I could not refrain from bursting into tears, and taking the irritated young man by the hand. It was too dark for me to see his face; but when I pressed his hand, I felt that his whole frame shuddered. Nothing more passed that night. I accompanied him home to his own door, and we parted without speaking, but shook hands in a way that said more to the spirit than the tongue could have uttered. On reaching my lodgings, I sat down, and my thick arising fancies would not allow me to go to bed. At last they got so far the better of me that I went again out and walked to Buskin's house. All was silent there. I passed two or three times in front, and then

went home; but the night-mare was upon me, and the interval till morning was hideous. At an earlier hour than usual, I rose and dressed myself, and again went into the street, where my unhappy friend resided. As I approached towards his door, I was startled by a medical gentleman, one of our mutual friends, coming out. * * *

At this point of his story, the hard-favoured stranger's voice faltered, and drawing his hand hastily over his face, he abruptly rose, and went to the door. In the course of a few minutes, during the which I was in a state of rumination, he returned, and calling the waiter, asked what was to pay for the wine; and, throwing down his half of the reckoning, bade me good afternoon, and went away, leaving me to guess and ponder anent the sad and mournful issue of his tale.

CHAPTER XII.

When I had abundantly satisfied my curiosity with the curious things of London, I was admonished by my purse, which had suffered a sore bowel complaint from the time of my arrival, that it behoved me to think of taking it to grass and replenishment in the Salt-market. Accordingly, after settling counts with Mrs Damask, I got a hackney to carry my portmanty to the wharf, where I embarked on board the Mountaineer steam-boat, bound, God willing, to the port of Leith.

I had not been long on board, when lo, and behold! who should I see, flourishing his cane, but that nice, good-tempered,

fat man, the great Odontist, whose genius and talents in the abstruse art of song-writing, make such a figure in Blackwood's Magazine.

"Hey, Doctor!" quo' I, at length,—"Hegh, sirs, but a sight of you here is gude for sair een—whar d'ye come frae?"

The Doctor, who is a pawkie loon, as is well kent, said nothing at first, but looking as it were down at me with an inquisitive and jealousing ee, cried out, in his funny way, "Whar did that creature speak frae? Lordsake, Tammy Duffle, how came ye here? What's ta'en you a gallanting out o' the Salt-market? I thought the Gallowgate would hae been the farthest o' your tramps. But ye hae nae doubt been up wi' a cargo o' your loyalty to the Coronation. Lordsake, man, but I am glad to see you: I have nae had the visibility o' a Christian face since, the Heavens kens when, Tammy."

In this way the Odontist for a space o' time continued his mirthful devices, till the vessel was put under way by the steam being set on, when we had some solid conversation thegither,—in the first place, anent the news from Glasgow, of which the Doctor was in great want, by reason of his long absence; and in the second, concerning the Doctor's experience, and observes on the kingdom of France, and the city of Paris, appertaining thereto.

"And so ye hae been at Paris, Doctor?" quo' I; "ye maun gie me a sober account of what ye saw; and I request that ye'll begin at the beginning, when you left London."

"It was fine weather," replied the Doctor; "there wasna a mot in the lift till we got ayont Canterbury. There I saw twa droll black clouds fleeing aboon a hill—corbie-like things—I didna like the looks o' them—the devil's yonder in the

air, quo'I—and we soon fan' the truth o't. He flappit his wings, and brought on a perfect hurricane, when we were in the packet. The vessel heel'd o'er, till I thought she would hae coupit, and made a clean whamle o't. Lordsake, it was dreadful, and a poor bit German princey that we had on board, I thought would hae decanted his inside. At every bock, he shot out his neck and open mouth, as if he would hae swallow't the sun out o' the firmament like a peel. Lordsake, what a creighling the creature made, raxing and hauding its sides! Its man was obliged to grip it by the tail, for fear it would hae loupen out o' the ship in its desperation. But a' was nothing to Paris. Lordsake, Tammy, but yon is a whirligig-place; a' the folk are daft, and they mak every body sae that gangs there. At our tabledot, fifty-eight dined every day; twenty were Glasgow folk, a very extraordinar thing;

we sang Great George is King, wi' hands cleekit, after dinner. The French thought we were mad, but we were very civil to them, and after the King's health we drank auld Loui, and had Henry Quatre. But the cookery was damned bad—they don't know how to cook yonder—they have no gout—they boil the meat to tavers, and mak sauce o' the brue to other dishes—they have nothing savoury or solid—but for a' that they are desperate eaters—Lordsake, what trash it is they eat! I have seen them sitting at their supper, with their yellow faces, like puddocks round a plate, crunching custocks. There can be nae comfort in yon way o' living.—They breakfast in public coffee-rooms, and spend a' the day as if they had nothing to do, and their nights in that hell-upon-yearth the Palace Royal—Lordsake, Tammy, yon is an awfu' place! I was just terrified to gie a keek in—for a' that, I tried to see

every thing. But if ye take awa' the palaces and other public buildings, there's naething to be seen in Paris—a filthy town —ye might crack a whip out o' ae window intil anither in the house fornent. But for a' that, the French have some clever points of character—their silks are very extraordinar, and really very cheap—But I didna smuggle ony, because I had nae need. But in their churches the villany of man was manifest; it wasna that ony body was there; the priests said their ridiculous paternosters in a manner to themselves; for they had nae hearers. Heaven knows what will come o' them when they die—they ken naething o' the Lord, but a deal o' the deevil—And yet yon Peer la Shaize is a very beautiful place, adorned with flowers. They have flowers in glass boxes on some head-stones for the ghosts at night to look at—it's, however, a pretty sight to see them. But there are many

other places besides yon burying-ground very comfortable in Paris. The coffee-room o' a' ithers that I thought the most sae, was ane at the Luxemburg—and the vin ordinair is excellent, only fifteen pence the bottle—Pleasure's very cheap, for which cause so many of our countrymen go yonder. They repute that more than fifty thousand English souls are at this time in Paris. But I'm sure I wonder what they see at the French—a whirligig set of deevils--nae stability in them—and Lordsake what a clatter the bodies hae! no end, nor method either, in their discourse—and nothing cordial and sincere about them—their friendship's but lip-deep, and, like their cookery, has nae fusion in't—a' shew. Ye canna cut and come again on their kindness—but the bodies hae a civil way with them for a' that, and it's no possible to be angry at their parleyvoos. I staid three weeks

amang them, and hae nae reason to complain—but it's just a miracle to see how the creatures can gab and eat, ye would think they hadna got a wholesome meal o' meat a' their days before, and that their tongues were just loosened by a thaw; their words come running out o' their mouths like a burn at beltane; they hae no end. Unless ye can speak French, ye ken nae mair what they hae been saying when they are done, than when they began."

"But, Doctor," said I, "how did you find public opinion? What state are the Bonapartists in? Chop-fallen, no doubt."

"Confoundit moudiwarts!—They durst na shew their snouts where I was. Thumourts, that would sook the blood o' auld honest Loui's cocks and hens.—But a's loyalty yonder noo. The Jacobin trade's clean up and dished. They're a' broken

—gane to pigs and whistles—like the Whigs amang oursels."

"That may be the case at present, Doctor, but when the King dies——"

"The King dee!—Yon's a hale and gausy carle—meat-like and claith-like—aiblins now and then fashed wi' a bit gimbletting o' the gout in his muckle-tae—but what o' that? I hae't whiles mysel', and ne'er a prin the waur o't. Na, na!—there's nae dead-ill about Loui. Lord-sake, Tammy, what gars you think that fat folk are mair death-like than skinny deevils like yoursel? It may be that, in het summer weather, we're obliged to thole mair; but flesh is no an ill cleeding for banes in winter. Dinna even ony o' your *memento more's* to the like o' Loui and me, Tammy; as lang as we baith can eat and drink as we hae done, a snuff o' tobacco for death. Na, na!—Depend upon't, Tammy, Loui will wag his staff

at the auld loon, and gar him chatter his hungry rat-trap teeth, without a morsel, for many a day to come yet. As for a squabash when he does kick, wha's to make it? Lordsake, man, but ye hae got in the Blues.—Deevil's in the man; would he no hae fat folk to live?"

"But, Doctor, what think ye of the hospitality in France?"

"Hospi—what, in France?" cried the Odontist, looking at me as if his eyes were pistols. "Gruel and purge is a' that yon gabby creatures ken o' hospitality."

This ingenious observe naturally led me to think of the state of the learned science in France.

"Science!" cried the Doctor. "Gin clockleddies and bumbees, wi' prins in their doups, be science, atweel there's an abundance o' that at the Garden of Plants. But the elephant yonder is really a prime beast, and has sic comical cunning een, I

dinna wonder at philosophy making a pet o' the creature—just as Kit North does o' me. But bide till I get my Journal ready for Blackwood—so hae done wi' your pumping."

While we were thus holding a jocose conversation, a gentleman that had the look of a divine joined in with us, and he being taken with the Doctor's funny sayings, began to strive at something of the sort himself; and upon his suggestion the Doctor and him, and me, retired to a corner by ourselves, where the Odontist called on the steward to bring us a bottle of the port out of his basket of sea-stores; for the Doctor, being a man of a jolly as well as a jocose humour, had laid in a plentiful extra supply of divers sorts of good wines.

This stranger turned out to be no other than the Rev. Mr Birkwhistle, the Minister of Dintonknow. He is an elderly

man, of a composed appearance, with something, however, of a peery-weery twinkling about the een, which betrayed that he knew more than he let on. He had been at London on some Gospel affair anent the call of a minister; but whether he had been on the leet, and wasna successful, or merely as a visitant—aiblins to spy the nakedness of the land, I'll no take it upon me to say; but he had a fouth of queer stories, which it was a curiosity to hear of, in the manner that he discoursed of the same. Among others, he told us of a very surprising thing that befell himself.

THE WIG AND THE BLACK CAT.

By an agreement with the session, (said Mr Brikwhistle,) I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltcoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the

Saturday evening in the box to the Manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box with my new wig thereintil, being on the outside tap of the coach, the wind blew and the rain fell, and by the help and colleagury of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weet.

At that time o' night, there wasna a barber to be had for love or money within three miles o' the Manse; indeed I dinna think, for that matter, there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish; so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

Although Mr Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a' minister's wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity, and seeing what I was ettling at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to

dress and fribble his wig, and that although it was a sair heart to her to see ony other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome to use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead, on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet besom, was brought intil the room; and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a buffet-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very edifying conversation indeed.

During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although, to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue, orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what could be hoped for, that Mrs Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no

more, saying, "a bit pluff with the box there, on the left curls," (in the way of a parenthesis,) that she wouldna feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had never been more edified in her life, than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of man as a cauliflower, I took it from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great short-sightedness of me to do, and I prinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its primitive style of perfectness.

But you must understand, that Mrs Keckle had a black cat, that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most douce and well-comported beast; and what would ye think Baudrons was doing all the time that the

mistress and me were so eydent about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every pluff that I gave, and meditating, with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavouring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs Keckle's was an evidential kithing to the effect, that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion of mine; howsomever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed-room, and, as I was saying, prinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said, that if I would make another cheerer she

would partake in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at ony time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her, so I made the second tumbler, and weel I wat it was baith nappy and good; for in brewing I had an ee to pleasing Mrs Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow both the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befell us in that night, for when I went up again intil the bed-room, I was what ye would call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pillow, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season I had a strange dream—wherein I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light, and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, whereat I turned myself round, and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleep-

ing and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand claming softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by, I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness, so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered, when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the star-light of the window, that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a mutch keeking in upon me. The little gude was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw Cluty himself at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loud voice, "O, Mistress Keckle, Mistress Keckle, what's brought you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dirl, and the widow herself, with her twa servan lasses, with candles in their hands, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by my-

self, or was taken with some sore dead-ill. But when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen—not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs Keckle. While I was thus speaking, one of the maidens gied a shrill skirling laugh, crying, " Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough nothing could be more humiliating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself, to an endeavour to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both the curls and the pouther; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress nor me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the devil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined it; for upon an examine next day, the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Odontist, at the end of Mr Birkwhistle's story, applied himself to seduce from her taciturnity a matronly woman, that uttered herself in a sort of Englified Scotch, or, as the Doctor said in a by way, winking with a drollery that was itself an entertainment to me—" Her words are just a mixture of pease and sweeties."

" Madam," quo' the Odontist, " as ye seem to have had some experience of man, ye'll just gie us a bit tig and gae by, in the shape of some wee couthy tale ; and, to help to oil the hinge of your tongue, hae, take a glass o' wine."

"Ye're very obligatory," said the mistress; "and I thank you for this great proof of your politesse and expedience. But 'deed, Doctor, I have met with nothing of a jocosity to entertain the like of you, saving a sore fright that I got some years ago, the which, in all particulars, was one of the most comical misfortunes that ever happened to any single woman, far less to a desolate widow like me."

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.

Ye should ken, Doctor, and gentlemen and ladies, that I am, by reason of birth, parentage, and education, an Edinburgh woman. But, in course of time, it so fell out, that when I was married, I found myself left a widow in the city of Bristol; upon the which yevent I took up a house in Clifton,—nae doubt, Doctor, ye have heard often enough tell o' Clifton,—and living there, as I was saying, I took a wearying fit to see my kith

and kin in Scotland, and so set out in the coach, with the design and intent of travelling by night and by day to Edinburgh, straight through, without stopping. I'll never forget, to the day I die, what befell me in that journey, by a nocturnal reciprocity with a poor young man.

We took him in on the road, where he was waiting for the carriage, with an umbrella under his oxter, and a bundle in his hand. The sight of him was a sore thing, for his eyes were big and blue, his cheeks skin and bone, and he had a host that was just dreadful. It was death rapping with his knuckle at the chamber door of the poor creature's precious soul. But we travelled on, and I said to the young man that his friends were making a victim of him. He, however, had no fear, saying he was going home to try the benefit of his native air.

When we came, I think it was to the town of Lancaster, I steppit out to get a chop of dinner. leaving the lad in the coach; and when I had received a refreshment, and taken my seat again, I saw he was busy with his bundle, in the custody of which he had a bottle and a veal pye. "Heavens preserve us!" quo' I, "what poison is that ye

have been murdering yourself with ?"—But he only laughed to see the terror I was in. For a' that, to think of a man with such a coughing host, eating such a peppery conservatory as a pye, and tasting of the deadly indecorum of a brandy bottle, was a constipation of affliction that I cannot sufficiently express.

However, nothing happened for some time, but the coach hurled, he hosted, and the night it was growing dark; at last he gave, as ye would say, a skraik, and fell as dead as a door nail, with the pye and the bottle on the seat before me.

At first, as ye may think, I was confounded, but presently I heard a lad that was ree with drink, singing on the top of the coach; so being my leeful lane with the dead body, I put my head out at the window, and bade the coachman to stop. It was by this time quite dark.

"I'll be very much obligated to you," quo' I to the driver, "if ye'll let the gentleman that's singing so blithely come in beside me; for the poor lad that was here has taken an ill turn."

The coachman very civilly consented to this, and the drunken nightingale was allowed to come in; but before he got the door opened, I took

care to set the corpse upright, and to place it all in order with the bundle in its hand on its knee.

" Friend," said I to the ree man, " ye'll be so good as to keep this poor lad in a steady posture, for he has had a low turn, and maybe it'll be some time before he recover."

" I'll do that," said he; and accordingly he sat beside the dead man, and held him up, as away the coach went with us all three.

" I wish, ma'am," said the supporter, after having sat some time silent, " that the man be not already dead, for I do not think he breathes."

" Don't trouble him," quo' I, " he's but in a low way."

We had not gone far till he lifted the dead man's arm and let it fall, and it fell like a lump of clay.

" By heaven, he's dead !" said my living companion in alarm; " he does not breathe, and his hand is as powerless as a knuckle of veal."

" Cannot you let the man alone," said I; " how would you like to be so fashed if ye had fainted yourself? I tell you it's no decent to be meddling with either his feet or hands."

Upon my saying which words, the drunken

fool, holding up the body with his left hand, lifted one of its legs and let it drop.

"Madam," said he in a mournful voice, "he does not breathe, he has no power in his hands, and his leg's a dead log. I'll bet ten to one, he's dead."

"Surely," quo' I, "no poor woman was ever so tormented as I am—what business have you either to bet or bargain on the subject? Cannot ye in a peaceable manner just do as I bid you, and keep the poor man in a christian posture?"

But, for all that, we had not driven far till the inquisitive fellow put his hand into the bosom of the corpse.

"By jingo, madam," said he, "if this be'nt a dead man, the last oyster I swallowed is living yet—he does not breathe, his hand's powerless, his leg can't move, and his heart don't beat. The game's all up with him, depend upon't, or my name's not Jack Lowther."

"Well, I declare, Mr Lowther," quo' I, "I never met the like of you—Who ever heard of a man dying in a stage-coach? I am surprised ye could think of mentioning such a thing to a leddy. It's enough to frighten me out of my judg-

ment—for the love of peace, Mr Lowther, hold your tongue about death, and haud up the man till we get to Kendal."

" I may hold him up—that I don't refuse; but ma'am," said Mr Lowther, " the poor fellow is already food for worms. Feel his bosom, put in your hand—do pray. By jingo, he is as cold as a frog, and as dead as a leg of mutton. I have given him such a pinch, that if he had a spark of life, it must have made him jump."

" Mr Lowther," said I, with great sincerity, " ye're a most extraordinary perplexity, to nip the man in that way. It's enough to cause his death—I am surprised ye have so little regard to humanity."

So with some converse of the same sort, we at last reached the inn door at Kendal, and when the waiter came with a candle to see who would alight for supper, I said to him, " Let me quietly out, for there's a dead man in the coach beside me." The waiter uttered a cry of terrification, and let the candle fall in the dib, but in an instant twenty other lights came flaming, and a crowd gathered around us, while Mr Lowther jumped out of the carriage, like a creature by himself, and was like

to faint with the thought of having travelled in the company of a corpse. And to be surely, it was not a very pleasant companion we had; however, it gave me a warning never to travel by night again; for I was needcessitated to bide till the coroner had made a questification of my testimony; and I got no sleep, neither that night, nor for three after, with the thought of sitting in a coach with a dead body, holding a veal pye and a brandy bottle in its hands—which every one must allow was a concurrence of a very alarming kind to a single woman.——

When the Englified Edinburgh lady had made an end of her story, the Doctor gave me a nodge on the elbow, and said with a winking, to let me ken he was but in jocularity, "Now, Tammy, ye'll see how I'll squabash them;" and with that, he addressed himself aloud to the company of passengers assembled round us—saying how he was diverted by the stories he had heard, but that he had one of his own to tell, more extraordinary than them all,

with other preliminary observes of the same sort, to waylay the attention.—

THE ODONTIST'S MONKEY.

I HAD a monkey once—it was just like a French wean—a' mouth and een. It came from Senegal, or Gibraltar, or the Ape-hill of Africa—whilk o' the three, gude kens. But it wasna ane of the common clanjamphrey that ye see at fairs—it was a douce monkey, wi' nane o' that devilry and chatter of the showman's tribe; it was as composed as a provost, and did all its orders and ends in a methodical manner. Lordsake, but it had amaist as muckle gumpshion as my friend Tammy here, and I took a pleasure in the education of the creature—I have long had a conceit that the auld way of education is no conducted in a proper manner, and therefore I tried a new device o' my ain with Puggy. Noo, attend to what am telling—for if ye dinna follow the thread o' my discourse, ye'll lose the end o't altogether.

Ae morning I was sitting writing a bit sang for Blackwood—His Magazine couldna go on with-

out me—when I observed Puggy watching me wi' the ee of a philosopher or a professor—ye ken the ane's as wise as the other—I took a vizy at the beast, and I said till't, " Puggy, come here," and it was on the table like a flea. " Dost thou think, Puggy," quo' I, " thou could'st learn to write?" —I was just confoundit to see the thing at the words take a pen and dip it into the ink bottle, and then look up in my face and gie a nod, as much as to say—" I'll try, set me a copy."

So I set the sensible beast a copy in strokes. and it then began after me. Its strokes were better than mine—I was dumfoundered, and next tried it in the A, B, C.—no Chinese copiator could do half so well.—" I'll make a something as good as a printing-press, or the lithography, o' thee, Puggy," said I, patting it on the head.—The creature look'd up weel pleased wi' the compliment; and then I wrote in large text CAT, and pointing to pussy, that was lying on the rug afore the fire said—" CAT." Puggy gave a nod, and immediately wrote cat; and pointing to Baudrons, gave another nod, and said cat.

" Are ye no the de'il?" said I, starting back, and looking to see that it hadna a cloven foot. I

then drew in my chair, and gave it another lesson, and for copy, set it "HAND," repeating the word, and shewing my own—all which Puggy did in the same manner, with a humanity no to be described. In this way, on the first morning I taught it to read and write, and speak the name of every thing in the room, and about me.

The second lesson was more curious than the first. I tried to gie't abstract ideas. There's no a professor o' the metaphysical nonsense, o' a' the colleges, can teach his whippersnapper students like me.

I laid a book on a chair, and going to my place at the table, I went back and brought the book to it, and laid it on the table, and then I wrote the word FETCH. Puggy was fash'd a wee at first, but by and by it suited the action to the word, as Will Shakespeare says, and I soon saw it understood me like another Solomon. Then I wrote ME, but without speaking it, mind that, and touched myself. Puggy likewise wrote ME, and, coming forward, touched me, and looking up in my face, shewed that it understood that I was me.—BOOK it had learnt the day before, as I was telling you, so that when I laid the volume back again on the

chair, and said, " Puggy, fetch me the book," it jumpit away and brought it as cleverly as a fairy.

Here the Doctor made a full stop, for every body was listening in credulous admiration, and then he rose from the table, and, flourishing his switch, twirled round like a tee-totum, and made all the echoes of the coast ring with his laughter, at having so quizzed the natives.

CHAPTER XIV.

THUS passed the first afternoon of my retour by the Mountaineer, and the next day being blasty and bleak, nobody was in a humour either to tell or to hear stories; but on the morning of the third, as we came in sight of the Bass, the sun came so brightly out of his bed ayont the sea, to run his race rejoicing, that we felt the strength of man renewed within us, and the Doctor, being as blithe as a bumbee in a summer morning, immediately after breakfast began, like that busy creature, humming from flower to flower, to gather tales and pleasant stories from all around him.

When we had arranged our stools after breakfast on the deck, and chosen the Odontist preses of the sitting, he looked around with his hawk's eye, and fixing on a young man of a demure and clerical look, said to him, "Friend, let's see what ye hae gotten in your pack; open, and shew'syour wares." With that the austere lad answered that he would relate a story suitable to the place and the objects around us.

THE COVENANTER.

I am sorry, sir, (said he, with a grave voice,) that there are some among us who consider the reverend gentleman's story as a derogatory picture of the Scottish clergy. I think those who do so, have allowed their understandings to be seduced into a reverence for forms and ceremonies, totally inconsistent with that familiar and domestic piety which is characteristic of the Presbyter, and en-

ters into all he does and says. The new-fangled formalities that are corrupting the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship—the papistical ringing of "the sacring bell" before the minister enters the pulpit, and the heartless trills of those hireling and prelatic choirs, that have been substituted in some places for "the praises of the congregation," are abominations which our ancestors would have laughed down, or swept away with the besom of destruction, as they did the trumpery of the monks and prelates. I say this the more seriously, because of late a spirit seems to have gone abroad, at war with that reverence which Scottish hearts were once taught to cherish for the martyrs of their national religion. But, sir, when those perishable temples which vanity purposes to raise to the learned and the valiant, are crumbled into dust, yon monument, which the Divine Architect himself constructed, will stand sublime amidst the solitudes of the waters, a witness and a testimony to all true Scotchmen of the intrepid virtue of their pious forefathers.

The tale which I intend to tell you relates to the Bass Isle, towards which we are now steering; and it has been recalled to my remembrance by

the sight of North Berwick Law, at the bottom of which, in the church-yard of the town, is the tomb of John Blackader, the martyr, a man whom power could not daunt, nor suffering subdue ; nor the pains and infirmities of sickness impair the invincible firmness of his holy integrity. In this backsliding age, it is a proud thing for Scotland to have witnessed the late breaking forth of the good old spirit ; for when the GREAT UNKNOWN, as some call him, put out his tale of Old Mortality, true Presbyterians conceived that he had laid an irreverent hand on the ark of our great national cause, the Covenant ; and, animated by the spirit of ancient zeal, immediately began to repair the tombs of the martyrs in almost every place where they had fallen into decay. Mr Blackader's has been repaired ; and it is with exultation I state, that, among the school-boys of my native town, a little subscription has restored two similar monuments, that were, till the publication of "The Tales of My Landlord,"

"With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-grown.'

The martyr of whom I shall now give you some account, was by birth a gentleman. His great-

grandfather, Sir Robert Pont, by the mother's side, was minister of St Cuthbert's Church, and also a Lord of Session. In 1595, he was Moderator of the General Assembly. This inheritance of religion and honour gave elevation to the character and sentiments of young Blackader, who, in 1653, was ordained to the ministry, and presented to the parish of Troqueer, in Galloway. Here, for nine years, he proved himself an able and vigilant pastor, and was among the first who resisted the violation of the Presbyterian worship. Supported by other manly champions of the testimony, he bravely threatened, in the Synod of Dumfries, to depose as enemies to the national religion, whoever among them should dare to comply with the new ceremonies, or to take that oath of supremacy which an unprincipled court was then attempting to force upon the people. For this he incurred the penalties proclaimed in the order for the persecution, issued at Glasgow in October, 1662, and a party of Guards were sent from Dumfries to seize him. He, however, escaped; but his wife and young children were rudely treated by the soldiery, and driven from the Manse, without knowing where to find shelter or

protection, save only in the goodness of Providence.

The conduct of the people during these outrages was singularly exemplary. They often in bands met the clergymen, whom laxer notions of the Presbyterian forms induced to accept of livings so coercively made vacant, and implored them with tears, not to profane the worship of God by entering where they were forbidden guests. And when they beheld their faithful pastors dragged away like felons by the blasphemous gangs of Claverhouse and Lauderdale, they cheered them with blessings as they passed, and prayed often on their knees for that retribution on the Persecutor, that has since been showered down upon his line, till not one of the race has been spared any longer to defile the face of the earth.

After the expulsion from his parish, Mr Blackader took up his abode in Craigdarroch, where, being without the bounds of his own presbytery, he was suffered for about three years to remain unmolested.

It was a practice among the ejected ministers to preach and baptize in the neighbourhood where chance had fixed their uncertain abode, and this

was done, not in contempt of authority, but in commiseration of the necessities of the people, who turned with aversion from the prelatic plague, that, like the frogs of Egypt, afflicted the land. Many of the intruders were, no doubt, weak persons, of a respectable moral character, but they were mostly young men from the northern shires, raw, and without any stock of reading or gifts, who, having passed a year or two of philosophy at the College, came southward, greedily gaping after the vacant benefices. The commonalty assailed their logic with stubborn arguments, while the laxer of the gentry staggered their faith with strong drink. To serve as an excuse for not attending their sermons, the church bell was, in some places, deprived of its tongue. Its weekly admonition was commonly considered as the voice of the oppressor bragging of his power. Military force was let loose, and the sincere worship of God was proclaimed traitorous rebellion against the King.

At the instance of the Bishop of Galloway, information was lodged against Mr Blackader, as a person guilty of "leavening the people with disaffection, and alienating the hearts of the lieges from his Majesty's Government"—and by a pro-

clamation of Council, he, with others of his late co-presbyters, was accused of unlawfully convocating the subjects in fields and private houses every Sabbath, where they were in the custom of baptizing the children of disloyal persons.

Sir James Turner, who commanded the forces at that time in Dumfries-shire—a ferocious drunkard, and worthy compeer of "the bloody Claverhouse"—on receiving information against Blackader, sent a detachment to arrest him; but he had previously departed with his wife to Edinburgh. In searching the house, the soldiers behaved with a brutality grateful to the demon whom their superiors served. They compelled one of the children to hold the candle while they stabbed the beds in which they supposed his parents were concealed. Another, a mere infant, was so horror-struck by their violence, that he ran naked into the darkness of the night, and was found afterwards at a great distance, in a state of distraction.

From this period the martyr led a wandering and homeless life; his children were dispersed, and forced to implore shelter wherever charity was brave enough to hazard the penalties of the act against Reset, and Converse with the ejected

ministers. But oppression only hardened the courageous spirit of the conscientious. Mr Blackader resolutely waged the holy war, and the hill of Beath, in the parish of Dunfermline, was often his pulpit.

On one occasion when, together with other undaunted antagonists of misgovernment, the martyr was preaching there, a lieutenant of militia. stationed in the neighboured, came riding to the spot, and endeavoured, with threats and furious gestures, to disperse the Covenanters. It was customary for the men who attended those meetings to come armed. One of them having remonstrated in vain with the officer, took his horse coolly by the bridle, and pulling out his pistol, told him if he did not desist from his turbulence, he would blow out his brains, and held him in that state till the sermon was finished. But it is not for me in this hasty sketch to enter into all the particulars of the sufferings of those who have made yonder rock that hallowed monument of Scottish zeal and piety, which it ought ever to be considered.

Some time after the incident at the hill of Beath, Mr Blackader was seized and sent a prisoner to the Bass, where the hardships he suffer-

ed soon destroyed his health. Some minds are so constituted and local, that the privations of confinement are scarcely felt as an evil; but to a man of such an animated temperament as this zealous martyr, the mere imagination of being fastened to a spot, and denied the exercise of his faculties and communion with his kind, was of itself more afflicting than the damp dungeon or the loathsome meal, and the bitter water. It is indeed difficult to picture a more impressive spectacle of solitary misery, than that of a venerable old man, sitting alone for hours on the bleak sea-beat rocks, like Prometheus in his chains, gnawed by grief for the woes and sorrows that were laying waste his native land, and the horror and poverty that pursued his own defenceless family.

After being detained some time on the Bass, his health became so in firm, that upon a representation to the conclave of persecutors, he was allowed, on giving security, to be removed to Haddington, where he soon escaped from all the tyranny of this world—and in ascending to Heaven, left the mantle of his zeal a retributive legacy with his family, making them instruments to avenge the sufferings of their country, by essen-

tially contributing to the expulsion of the heartless and licentious Stuarts. His eldest son, William, was employed as a confidential agent by some of the deposed clergy, in secret embassies to their exiled brethren in Holland, who were then engaged in promoting the Revolution, and on these dangerous expeditions he frequently went between the two countries. In one of them he was seized on his landing at Leith, and carried before the Duke of York, who was then in Scotland. His sister was among the crowd who followed him to the examination before his Royal Highness, but she was not permitted to approach her brother near enough to speak to him. She observed him, however, looking at her with an expressive stedfastness, and holding up his hat as if to draw her attention particularly to it. Inspired with the idea that this was the mysterious symbol of some important secret, she immediately quitted the court and returned to Edinburgh, where, on searching his lodgings, she found a hat, with papers concealed in the lining, of such a nature, that, had they been discovered, they might have proved fatal evidence against himself as well as others. She instantly, therefore, destroyed them, and by

this well-timed resolution anticipated the fearful consequences; for a party came to the house an hour after to search for papers, and finding nothing suspicious, returned with such a favourable report to the Duke, that her brother was immediately liberated; and when the Revolution afterwards took place, he was appointed, chiefly on account of the services he had performed in those secret missions, physician to King William.

CHAPTER XV.

HERE the austere young man paused in his story, and as we were now alongside of the Bass, he took off his hat with great solemnity, as is done at burials when the respected dead is laid in the grave; and we were all so affected thereat, that we did the same in like manner, and passed along in silence, nothing being heard but the sound of the paddles and the mournful cawing of the sea-birds, which spread far and wide over the waters, like the voices of antiquity that admonish the children of remote times to reverence the memory of all departed worthies. In short, such was the effect

of the Covenanter's story, and his earnest way of telling it, that we were all for some time in a solemn mood; even the gay and gallant Odontist, forgetful of all his wonted jollity, walked slowly up and down the deck, whistling "The Flowers of the Forest," in a most melancholy manner.

During the different recitals here rehearsed, I happened to observe a young man with a white face and a slender habit of body, that seemed to have the matter of thought within him; so, in order to bring some new diversion in among the company, I went and said to him that we would be all very happy if he would take upon him to entertain us with some story or adventure, to the which he consented in the most obliging manner. But what sort of diversion he caused, the courteous reader may well judge when he has perused what follows.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

Perhaps, (said he,) none of you have ever met with a more extraordinary adventure than what I have now to relate. It happened to myself—I do not therefore ask or expect you to believe it, nor can the feelings with which I was affected be imagined without experiencing the impression of the same awful circumstances.

I had been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends, taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards the evening, the crisis took place.—I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering,—a rushing sound was in my ears, —I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not.—For a short time

a terrible confusion overwhelmed me,—and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed.—I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow—and the voice of the nurse say, "He is dead."—I cannot describe what I felt at these words.—I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near; and, sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I could still hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse, with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days a number

of friends called to see me.—I heard them, in low accents, speak of what I was; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured—I was lifted and laid in—My friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar interest in me, had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire; and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present—one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails; but he checked himself, and completed the work in silence.

I was then left alone,—every one shunned the room.—I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope, but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse.—There was a crowd of people around;

some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out—I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion—A pause ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin moved—I felt it swing as dependent by them—It was lowered and rested on the bottom of the grave—The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall—Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin—Then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time; and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till

the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and undersound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worms and the reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away —I thought to judgment, perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after, I found myself on a carriage; and, by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I discovered that I was in the hands of two of

those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children, and friends. One of the men sung snatches and scraps of obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets.

When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived, by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room, and, being rudely stripped of my shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing; but in a short time I heard, by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table, and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiment— and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose The first shock vibrated through all my nerves; they rung and jangled like the strings of a harp.

The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who had attended me. But still I was as dead; I could, however, discover among the students the faces of many with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with an accent of awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife, and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, throughout my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

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While the pale lad was thus speaking,

we were all so interested in what he said, that we never noticed how, in the meantime, the Steam-boat had brought us to the pier of Leith, where we disembarked, and I landing with the Odontist, proceeded with him in one of the Leith stages to his house in St Andrew's Street, in the New Town, where I staid with him the two days I stopped in the Gude Town, being treated in the most hospitable manner for any man to be.

CHAPTER XVI.

It is well known that the Edinburgh folk are in the main a well-informed, civilized sort of people, though a thought gi'en, as we think in the West, to making mair rouse about themselves than there is any needcessity for; but as I met with the height of discretion at their hands, it would never do for me to say of them what, maybe, an I were like some among themselves, I could say. Luckily, however, for them, I'm no naturally of a very critical turn, nor can I say that I hae ony particular fondness for critics at all, espe-

cially since I began to put out my writings, for it is well known that they are creatures of no mercy, but just like wasps and clegs, delight and make their living by tormenting poor authors, who are the useful cattle and milch cows of literature.

But for all this I would not have it thought that I think the community of letters, more than any other, can do without a police—far be such a principle of liberty and equality from me. I would, however, like if the gangs belonging to it were treated as other dog-pelters, constables, and town-officers, commonly are, with a proper regard to decorum and the subordination that is fitting to their calling, and no just placed on a footing with the regular burgesses. And in here giving a wipe in the by-going to the criticising policemen of Edinburgh, I should note a very remarkable thing that I heard anent them, how they have of late been cut to

the quick, because a wheen bardy laddies stand Ehing! at them as they gang alang Prince's Street, and now and then gie them a plooky on the cheek with a pip or a cherry-stane, in the same good-will as the Grammar-school callans of former times, as I have heard said, were wont, on certain privileged and saturnalian occasions, to pelt and pester the auld divor bodies of the Town-guard, just for fun.

No doubt, however, but there was some magnifying of their grief and consternation in what I was told, for really it's no to be credited, that Mr Jamphrey, who is their chief captain and leader, can be just so heart-broken about it as some would fain fancy—for he's no without a share of common sense, though aiblins a wee conceity of himsel; and therefore I would not have the world to believe, that when he sees any of the aforesaid misleart laddies, he turns at them like a wud ter-

rier; for the truth of the story is, that Mr Jamphrey comports himself with the greatest composure under his sufferings, and walks past them, as proud as a pepper box, never jooking, nor letting wot that he sees them. But indeed, all that he ever got from them has been nothing to the joke that was played off on him by a light-hearted lassie, the whilk made such good fun, that young and auld, gentle and semple, are just like to dee and split their sides when they think of him and her. But to descend out of the mists of metaphysical language—

It seems that Mr Jamphrey has a great notion of his own discernment; and being in company with a clever young lady, that has a knack at puttingon droll Scotch characters, he said to her that it wasna in her power to cast the glammer ower him; but the man who is so impudent as to defy the wiles of womankind, will

rue his bragging till the day of his death, and I trow this truth fand honest Mr Jamphrey.

MRS OGLE OF BALBOGLE.

"I should like above all things," they say Mr Jamphrey said, "to see a specimen of her performance, but I think her natural manner is so peculiar that she could not disguise herself from me." To this his friend replied, that he shouldna be sae cock-sure, for that maybe she would delude him, in a way past comprehension, and even gar him notice the most remarkable thing about her, without his ever jealousing the deception. Several months having passed over without any event coming to pass between Mr Jamphrey and her, the foregoing conversation was utterly forgotten and obliviated from his mind, but the lady, it would seem, had a better memory; for one day, when he expected the greater number of the same party to dine with him, when he had met with her, and while, after coming from

the Parliament-house, he was dressing for dinner, two ladies were announced, desiring to see him on some very urgent business. They were shewn into the library, where he presently joined them, wondering what they could want at such an unseasonable hour.

The eldest of the two was a large matronly kintra-like wife, with tortoise-shell spectacles, dressed in an auld-fashioned style. She rustled in stiff drab-coloured lutestrings ; wore a hard muslin apron, covered with large tamboured flowers. On her hands she had white linen gloves, and on her head a huge black silk bonnet, gausy and full, and shaped something like the tuft of a tappit hen.—Her companion had the air of a simple lassie, bashful and blushing.

" Ye'll no ken me, Mr Jamphler, I'se warrant," said the matron ; " but aiblins ye maun hae heard o' me. I'm Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle, and I hae come intil Edinburgh, and anes errant, to take the benefit o' your counsel; for ye maun ken, Mr Jamphler, that I hae heard ye're a wonderful clever bodie baith at book lair, and a' other parts and particularitics o' knowledge. In trouth, if a' tales be true, Mr Jamphler, they say the like o' you hasna been

seen in our day, nor in our fathers' afore us, and that ye can gie an advice in a manner past the compass o' man's power. In short, Mr Jamphler, it's just a curiosity to hear what's said o' your ability in the law; and I thought I would never be properly righted, unless I could get the help o' your hand. For mine's a kittle case, Mr Jamphler, and it's no a man o' a sma' capacity that can tak it up; howsomever, I would fain hope it's no past your comprehension, Mr Jamphler. Na, Mr Jamphler, ye mauna fash at me, for ye ken it's a business o' great straits and difficulties. I am, as I was saying, Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle, the relic o' auld Balbogle. O he was an excellent character, and if he had been to the fore, I wouldna hae needed to trouble you, Mr Jamphler, wi' ony complaint.—But he's win awa out o' this sinfu' world, and I'm a poor lanely widow; howsomever, Mr Jamphler, they tell me there's no the like o' you for making the widow's heart glad."

Mr Jamphrey was by this time become rather impatient—the dinner-hour was drawing near—and, momentarily expecting his guests, he said, "Madam, I am at this time particularly engaged, and it would be as well for you to see your agent."

"My agent!" exclaimed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle. "Ye're my agent; I'll hae nae ither but you; I hae come here for nae ither purpose than to confer wi' you anent my affair——"

"Well, but what is it; what is it?" interrupted the counsellor, a little quickly.

"Mr Jamphler, sit down; sit your ways down beside me," cried Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, "and hear my case. Ye needna be feart, Mr Jamphler, o' ony scaith frae me. I wadna meddle wi' the like o' you; and that's my own dochter, she's come wi' me for insight.—Look up, Meg; a'm sure ye hae nae need to hang down your head like a tawpy.—Mr Jamphler, she's no an ill-far't lassie, ye see, and she'll hae something mair than rosy cheeks for her tocher; and, Mr Jamphler, she's come o' gentle blood; we're nane o' your muslin manufactures; na, na, Mr Jamphler. I'm the laird o' Barwullupton's only dochter mysel, and my father left me a bit land—I'm sure I needna ca't a bit, for it's a braw blaud—But to make a lang tale short, I had on the burn-side—ye'll aiblins, Mr Jamphler, ken the Crokit burn?"

"I think, madam," said Mr Jamphler, "it would be as well to have your case stated in a memorial."

"Memorial, Mr Jamphler! Na, na, Mr Jamphler; nae memorials for me. Ye're to be my memorial and testimony, and a' that I require."

"I beg, then, madam, that you will call some other time, for at present I am very particularly engaged," interrupted the counsellor.

"Mr Jamphler, ye maun thole wi' me, for what I want your ability in is a matter o' desperation."

"Upon my word, madam, it is impossible for me to attend to you any longer at this time," exclaimed Mr Jamphler.

"Noo, Mr Jamphler, really that's no like you; for Thomas Ellwand, the tailor in the Canongate, whar I stay—he taks in a' the *books* ye put out, and brags ye're o' a capacity to rule a kingdom—what will he say, when he hears ye wouldna spare half an hour frae your tea to pleasure a helpless widow? for I see by my watch it's near five o'clock, and so I suppose ye're hyte for ye're drap o' het water. O, Mr Jamphler, I hope ye hae mair concern for the like o' me, and that ye'll no falsify your repute for discernment in the judgment of Thomas Ellwand; he says, that nobody can draw a strae afore your nose unkent. Aiblins, Mr Jamphler, ye're acquaint wi' Thomas: he's a desperate

auld-farrant creature; he wasna pleased with the government here, so he took an o'ersea jaunt to America."

"Madam," said Mr Jamphler, "pray what is the business on which you want to consult me?"

"Business! Mr Jamphler, it's a calamity—it's a calamity, Mr Jamphler!" exclaimed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, spreading the hands of astonishment.—"But I forgot mysel; now I see what for ye had been so impatient; I forgot to gie you a fee; there it is, Mr Jamphler, a gowden guinea, full weight."

"But what are your circumstances?"

"Circumstances! Mr Jamphler.—I'm in a bein circumstance; for, as I was telling you, Mr Jamphler, I'm the relic o' auld Balbogle—Lang will it be, Mr Jamphler, before I get sic anither gudeman—but it was the Lord's will to tak him to himsel, wi' a fit o' the gout, three year past on the night o' Mononday come eight days. Eh! Mr Jamphler, but his was a pleasant end—weel it will be for you and me, Mr Jamphler, if we can slip awa' into the arms of our Maker like him. He was sarely croint, Mr Jamphler, before he died, and his death was a gentle dispensation, for he had lang been a heavy handfu', but at last he

gaed out o' this life like the snuff o' a candle. Howsomever, Mr Jamphler, being, as I was saying, left a widow—it's a sair thing, Mr Jamphler, to be a widow—I had a' to do, and my father having left me, among other things, o' my bairns' part of gear—for the Barwullupton gaed, as ye ken, to my auld brother the laird, that married Miss Jenny Ochiltree o' the Mains; a very creditable connection, Mr Jamphler, and a genteel woman—she can play on the spinnet, Mr Jamphler. But no to fash you wi' our family divisions—amang other things, there was on my bit grund a kill and a mill, situate on the Crokit burn, and I lent the kill to a neighbour to dry some aits—And, Mr Jamphler, O what a sight it was to me—the kill took low, and the mill likewise took wi't, and baith gied just as ye would say a crakle, and nothing was left but the bare wa's and the steading. Noo, Mr Jamphler, wha's to answer for the damage? Howsumever, Mr Jamphler, as I can see that it's no an aff-hand case, I'll bid you gude day, and ye'll consider o't the morn, when I'll come to you afore the Lords in the Parliament House."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr Jamphler, while Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, rising and going to-

wards the window, cried, " O! Mr Jamphler, the coach that brought us here—I wouldna come but in a coach to Mr Jamphler—But it's gone—O! Mr Jamphler, as I'm a wee o' a lamiter wi' the rheumaticks, will ye hae the kindness just to rin out for a coach to me? I'll be very muckle obliged to you, Mr Jamphler; it's but a step yonder to whar the coaches are biding on the out-look."

Mr Jamphrey rung the bell, and ordered his servant to fetch instantly a coach.

" But, Mr Jamphler," resumed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, " I hae another favour to ask, ye maun ken I'm sometimes tormented wi' that devilry they call the tooth-ache; are ye acquaint wi' ony doctor that can do me good?"

Mr Jamphler immediately mentioned my friend, the Odontist.—" Eh!" said Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, " the famous Doctor Scott! But whar does he bide, Mr Jamphler?" The urbane counsellor mentioned his address—No. 10, St. Andrew's Street. " Ah! but, Mr Jamphler, ye maun write it down —for I hae but a slack memory." Mr Jamphler did so immediately! but the lady on looking at the paper, said, " Na, na, Mr Jamphler, that winna do—I canna read Greek—ye maun pit it in

broad Scotch—I'm nane of your novel leddies, but Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle." Mr Jamphrey was in consequence obligated to write the address more legibly, and the coach coming to the door, the lady and her daughter withdrew.

Mr Jamphler then joined the company in the drawing-room, and soon after the young lady, in *propria persona*, as they say, with the Odontist's address in her hand, was announced as Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, and her fine teeth were recognised as her most remarkable feature

CHAPTER XVII.

ALTHOUGH, during my sojourn in Edinburgh, I was as well entertained as any stranger could be, yet I began to languish for my own shop, and the calm back chamber, wherein I was wont to take my nightly composure with Mrs M'Lecket, for she is a most kindly woman, and spares no pains to make me comfortable; which is the reason that I have been so long lodged with her, and likely to continue her lodger. Accordingly, having, as I may say, a surfeit of the civilities of Edinburgh, which is to a certainty a most extraordinary place, as every body knows who has read concerning the same, or heard the inhabitants thereof discoursing about its beau-

tiful prospects, and its other kinds of beautitudes and superiorities, physical and metaphysical, I came to a resolution of mind to return to the Saltmarket without delay; to the which end and effect I wrote two lines to Mrs M'Lecket in the forenoon, and tied it to a sheet of brown paper, carefully folded into the shape of a parcel, the post for that day being departed, and gave the same to the guard of one of the coaches, that he might deliver it himself, with his own hands, to Mr Sweeties for Mrs M'Lecket; Mr Sweeties being in the practice, in the straits and difficulties of speculation, of overtaking the post, as a bodie may say, by the device of brown paper parcels, and, consequently, the guards are all well acquaint with him.

In the letter I told Mrs M'Lecket that she might have my bed well aired, for it was a moral intent with me to be with

her, God willing, by the Wellington on the following night. It was not needful of me to give her any more than this gentle hint, in order to stir her up into an eydent spirit, whereby all my N's and my O's might receive due consideration.

Having performed this preliminary, I set myself to business, after I got my breakfast, on the day I was to return; and packing my trunk, which is a sore labour, as all travellers well know, it gave me a pain in my back that was not gone at the end of three weeks and five days, insomuch, that I thought it a confirmed rheumatick. Indeed, the doctor, who ought, by his education, to have known better, was of the same opinion, adding with a suspicion that it might have something of a gouty nature in it. However, in time it wore away; but for the occasion it was not an agreeable companion. Nevertheless, I got myself in readiness

for the Wellington, and embarked in the coach of that name at M'Kay's hotel, the Odontist, and Mr Christopher North himself, seeing me to the door with all the elegance and urbanity of their disposition and character.

In the coach, to my great pleasure and solace, who should I find seated but my old acquaintance, Mr Kilmahue, the Dumbarton writer, who is so well skilled in all the devices of the law, that he is known by the name of Daniel. As he is by parentage a Glasgow man, and owner of a land of houses in the High Street, aboon the College, we soon fell into an edifying conversation about what had happened in the city during the long interval of my absence.

Among other things he told me, that he had been in at Edinburgh, taking the opinion of counsel anent the sale of the freehold vote on Mrs Muir's mortification to the parish of Cardross; "the which,"

said he, "is a tale worthy of remembrance in all ages."

THE BEEF BARREL; OR THE MORTIFICATION TO THE PARISH OF CARDROSS.

About a hundred years ago, there was a poor widow woman who lived at the burn of Drumfork; and she had an only daughter, who was baptised by the Christian name of Jenny. Of this lassie, the mother, having no other object to be kind to, was naturally very fond, and she loved her the more tenderly on account of the scant they were obligated to dree together; poverty, like the winter's cold, making them cower into ane-another the more kindly.

When Jenny was grown into a capacity to go out to service, she was feed into the laird of Keppoch's, where, finding herself in a warmer beild than at home, she was wae for the condition in which she had left her mother; and could never take a meal of meat without a sorrowful reflection that her mother at the time was ill off for a morsel. This pitiable humour grew to such a head in the poor lassie, that although she had been brought up wi' a strict reverence for the fear of God, it got the better of her honest principle; and one day,

when her mother had come up from Drumfork to the Keppoch to see her, as she was going home in the evening, Jenny, having an opportunity, put a hand in the beef-barrel, and stole, as she thought, a bit for a salt collop, which she hastily gave to her mother, thinking it would ne'er be missed.

It happened, however, that it was the tongue of the meat, and the only tongue in the barrel; so that some time after, when the lady wanted it one night, before a company, to lay a-steep, it was not forth-coming; and like all careful mistresses, she no doubt wondered with severity what could have become o't. Jenny's conscience smote her, and dreading detection, she ran out of the house, and fled towards Dumbarton in desperation, pursued by the bogle of her guilt, till she came to a burn then raging with a speat. At first she would have cast herself into the torrent, but she thought a heavenly light flashed in her face, and startled her back, and for a time she stood on the brink, ae minute listening, and the next, ready to leap into the roaring waters, till a sough as it were of somebody coming, worked her into despair, and she plunged forward to escape from the hands of men; but it would have been into the arms of the devil,

had not the branch of a bramble bush caught her by the jupe, and plucked her, with the power of providence, like a brand from the burning.

In extricating herself from the bramble, Jenny became a little composed, and sat down on a stone, and wept and prayed, until she had come to a resolution to wade the burn, and seek her fortune in Glasgow; but when she tried the ford, the water was ower deep and rapid, and she was constrained to sit till the speat had subsided, which was not till the day had dawned.

While she was sitting in this disconsolate condition, wrung in the spirit with the disgrace she had brought upon herself and her parent, she pledged a vow in the trust of Heaven, to ettle and strive if maybe she could gather as muckle as would defray the cost of bigging a brig over that burn. The frame of mind, and the faith in which she made this resolution, brought comfort with it, and she rose from the stone, and kilting her coats, waded the burn and took the road to Dumbarton, sorrowful, but not dejected—with the wide world before, and Providence her guide.

At Dumbarton she had an old auntie, with whom she hid herself the next day; for although

her experience of the good-natured family of Keppoch might have told her she had little to fear from them, yet the sense of guilt overpowered her; and she found that Dumbarton was ower near the seat of her shame. She, therefore, proceeded to Glasgow, where, by the mediation of another friend, she got into the service of one of the bailies, and conducted herself among the weans so well, that she was recommended by her mistress to a lady who was going with her husband to London, a great undertaking at that time, and for which travellers made provisioning as for a voyage to the East Indies.

In London, Jenny, who was a well-far't lassie, had soon as many wooers as Tibby Fowler; and, among others, one Mr Muir, a Scotchman of substance, and well to do in the world, and whom, after an expedient courtship, she married. He, however, did not live long, and she soon became a widow with a decent jointure, by the which, though she remembered her vow, she considered herself obligated to maintain such an appearance as befitted the condition of her gudeman's wife; nevertheless, she spent nothing that could be hained; and when she died, it was found by her will

that she had left a legacy to build a bridge over the burn, the remainder to be laid out for the behoof of the poor of her native parish. The bridge still stands, a monument of penitence and piety; and the land in which the remainder of the legacy was invested for the benefit of the poor, is now a valuable farm, the freehold of which the trustees, as it does not entitle them to a vote in the county elections, have some intention of selling, and of adding the interest of the purchase-money to increase the distributable amount of the income arising from Mrs Muir's mortification.

In this sort of pleasant communing, we were carried at a clever rate straight on to Glasgow, without meeting with any accident, and the coach, as I had given the guard a hint to do, stopped at the Cross, and let me out, where I was met by Mr Sweeties and other neighbours, who were all most extraordinar glad to see me, and James M'Glasham the porter, having gotten my portmanty trunk on his shoulder,

we walked down the Saltmarket to Mrs M'Lecket's, where, as I had a guess, I found the tea-things already set out in the most comfortable manner; and by way of a welcome home, she had both marmalade and carvey in two saucers on her wee server, just as when she has her company to tea and supper at Yule; so that nothing could be more cordial than my reception, and Mr Sweeties, when he had shut his shop, coming in to hear the novels of the Coronation, we spent a most jocose night, and betimes I retired to my bed-room, and was thankful for being returned in safety among my friends, after seeing such uncos, and undergoing such very uncommon adventures.

THE END.

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